No. 8

GEO. M. BAKER'S

READING CLUB

HUMOROUS,
PATHETIC,
PATRIOTIC,
DRAMATIC,
SELECTIONS.

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READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 8.

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow —
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives —
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might — and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kissed him — we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hailed on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell.
Death — for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet —
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round;
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep through the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him — the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet — wait till the point of the pickaxe be through!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before —
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day,
Soon as the blast of that underground thunder-clap echoed away,
Dark through the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell —
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell —
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemies fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide —

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders — their masses are gapped with our grape —
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still — could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that passed:
"Children and wives — if the tigers leap into the fold unawares —
Every man die at his post — and the foe may outlive us at last —
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades —
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter, we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun —
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out, "Follow me, follow me!" —
Mark him — he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew—
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the night —
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms;
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife, —
Torture and trouble in vain, — for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,

Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered, for all that we knew —
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shattered walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls —
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark! cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! — saved! we are saved! — is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PAUL CLIFFORD'S DEFENCE.

MY LORD, I have little to say, and I may at once relieve the anxiety of my counsel, who now looks wistfully up to me, and add, that that little will scarcely embrace the object of defence. Why should I defend myself? Why should I endeavor to protract a life that a few days, more or less, will terminate, according to the ordinary calculations of chance? Such as it is, and has been, my life is vowed to the Law, and the Law will have the offering. Could I escape from this indictment, I know that seven others await me, and that by one or the other of these my conviction and my sentence must come. Life may be sweet to all of us, my Lord; and were it possible that mine could be

spared yet a while, that continued life might make a better atonement for past actions than a death which, abrupt and premature, calls for repentance while it forbids redress.

But, when the dark side of things is our only choice, it is useless to regard the bright; idle to fix our eyes upon life, when death is at hand; useless to speak of contrition, when we are denied its proof. It is the usual policy of prisoners in my situation, to address the feelings, and flatter the prejudices, of the jury; to descant on the excellence of our laws, while they endeavor to disarm them; to praise justice, yet demand mercy; to talk of expecting acquittal, yet boast of submitting without a murmur to condemnation. For me, to whom all earthly interests are dead, this policy is idle and superfluous. I hesitate not to tell you, my Lord Judge, — to proclaim to you, gentlemen of the jury, that the laws which I have broken through my life, I despise in death. Your laws are but of two classes: the one makes criminals, the other punishes them. I have suffered by the one — I am about to perish by the other.

My Lord, it was the turn of a straw which made me what I am. Four years ago I was sent to the House of Correction for an offence which I did not commit; I went thither a boy who had never infringed a single law, — I came forth in a few weeks a man who was prepared to break all laws! Whence was this change? — was it my fault, or that of my condemners? You had first wronged me by a punishment which I did not deserve, — you wronged me yet more deeply when (even had I been guilty of the first offence) I was sentenced to herd with hardened offenders and graduates in vice and vice's methods of support. The laws themselves caused me to break the laws! first, by implanting within me the goading sense of injustice; secondly, by submitting me to the corruption of example. Thus, I repeat, — and I trust my words will sink solemnly into the hearts of all present, — your legislation made me what I am! and it now *destroys me, as it has destroyed thousands, for being what it made me!* But for this, the first aggression on me, I might have been what the world terms honest, — I might have progressed to old age and a peaceful grave, through the harmless cheateries of trade, or the honored falsehoods of a profession. Nay, I might have supported the laws which I have now braved; like the counsel opposed to me, I might have grown sleek on the vices of others, and advanced to honor by my ingenuity in hanging my fellow-creatures! The canting and prejudging part of the press has affected to set before you the

merits of "honest ability," or "laborious trade," in opposition to my offences. What, I beseech you, are the props of your "honest" exertion, — the profits of "trade"? Are there no bribes to menials? Is there no adulteration of goods? Are the rich never duped in the price they pay, — are the poor never wronged in the quality they receive? Is there honesty in the bread you eat, in a single necessity which clothes, or feeds, or warms you? Let those whom the law protects consider it a protector: when did it ever protect *me?* When did it ever protect the poor man? The government of a state, the institutions of law, profess to provide for all those who "obey." Mark! a man hungers! — do you feed him? He is naked! — do you clothe him? If not, you break your covenant, you drive him back to the first law of Nature, and you hang him, not because he is guilty, but because you have *left* him naked and starving!

One thing only I will add, and that not to move your mercy. No, nor to invest my fate with an idle and momentary interest; but because there are some persons in this world who have not known me as the criminal who stands before you, and whom the tidings of my fate may hereafter reach; and I would not have those persons view me in blacker colors than I deserve. Among all the rumors, gentlemen, that have reached you, — through all the tales and fables kindled from my unhappy notoriety, and my approaching doom, I put it to you, if you have heard that I have committed one sanguinary action, or one ruinous and deliberate fraud? You have heard that I have lived by the plunder of the rich, — I do not deny the charge. From the grinding of the poor, the habitual overreaching, or the systematic pilfering of my neighbors, my conscience is as free as it is from the charge of cruelty and bloodshed. Those *errors* I leave to honest mediocrity or virtuous exertion! You may, perhaps, find too, that my life has not passed through a career of outrage without scattering some few benefits on the road. In destroying me, it is true that you will have the consolation to think, that among the benefits you derive from my sentence will be the salutary encouragement you give to other offenders, to offend to the *last* degree, and to divest outrage of no single aggravation! But if this does not seem to you any very powerful inducement, you may pause before you cut off from all amendment a man who seems neither wholly hardened nor utterly beyond atonement.

My Lord, my counsel would have wished to summon wit-

nesses — some to bear testimony to redeeming points in my own character, others to invalidate the oath of the witness against me; a man whom I saved from destruction, in order that he might destroy me. I do not think either necessary. The public press has already said of me what little good does not shock the truth; and had I not possessed something of those qualities which society does not disesteem, you would not have beheld me here at this hour! If I had saved myself as well as my companions, I should have left this country, perhaps forever, and commenced a very different career abroad. I committed offences; I eluded you; I committed what, in my case, was an act of duty; I am seized, and I perish. But the weakness of my body destroys me, not the strength of your malice. Had I — had I but my wonted health, my wonted command over these limbs, and these veins, I would have asked no friend, no ally, to favor my escape. I tell you, engines and guardians of the law, that I would have mocked your chains, and defied your walls, as ye know that I have mocked and defied them before. But my blood creeps now only in drops through its courses; and the heart that I had of old stirs feebly and heavily within me.

Leaving, then, my own character to the ordeal of report, I cannot perhaps do better than leave to the same criterion that of the witness against me. I will candidly own, that under other circumstances, it might have been otherwise. I will candidly avow, that I might have then used such means as your law awards me to procure an acquittal, and to prolong my existence — though in a new scene! As it is, what matters the cause in which I receive my sentence? Nay, it is even better to suffer by the first, than to linger to the last. It is some consolation not again to stand where I now stand; to go through the humbling solemnities which I have this day endured; to see the smile of some, and retort the frown of others; to wrestle with the anxiety of the heart, and to depend on the caprice of the excited nerves. It is something to feel one part of the drama of disgrace is over, and that I may wait unmolested in my den, until, for one time only, I am again the butt of the unthinking, and the monster of the crowd.

My Lord, I have now done. To you, whom the law deems the prisoner's counsel, — to you, gentlemen of the jury, to whom it has delegated his fate, I leave the chances of my life.

BULWER.

THE OUTLAW'S YARN.

Did he die in his boots? Well, stranger, it's hard
To be asked such a question, and he my old pard;
A man who was grit clear away to his toes,
And who valued his life something like his old clo'es.
But ye see he'd no chance, for the fellow he struck
Drew his shooter too quick. Well, 'twas only his luck.
My pard would ha' done it; but this chap from the East
Looked so quiet and soft that he hadn't the least
Sort of notion he'd do what the rest of the town
Wouldn't dare even to think of, he'd so cowed them down.

Yet spite of that, stranger, I saw him one day
Turn shaky and pale, in a womanish way.
Frightened, eh! I guess not. Well, since you must know,
I'll tell you it merely, but just for to show
That no matter how upstart and stiff we may feel,
There are times when the feelings of childhood will steal
Right in on us suddenly, and leave us as weak
As a child of three years. And, stranger, I speak
Like a chap as should know; for that time, to my cost,
A hundred good ounces I may say I lost
By a moment's such weakness which happened to Bill,
My old pard, as lies buried out there on the hill.

Ye see how it was — we lay hid in the sage
All the day, on the watch for the east'ard bound stage;
For Bill had got wind that from Deadwood that day
A government agent would start on his way
To the far eastern states, and such a chap must,
We knew, carry with him a good wheen of dust.
And besides, there might be a rich miner or two;
So that, thinking it over, the best thing to do
Seemed for us to lay quiet, then sudden come down
And rake in their pile for our next spree in town.
So we waited there patient till almost 'twas night,
When sudden and swift like, the coach shot in sight
At the top of the hill, and then rolled to its base,
Along on the plain to our snug hiding-place.
Bill jumped and I followed; the leaders we dropped,
And in less than a minute the whole thing had stopped.

I minded the driver; Bill sprang to the door,
And let out a wild kind of unearthly roar.
There wa'n't no more needed: the passengers knew
When they saw his six-shooter what Bill meant to do.

Five men there was there looked scairt like and wild,
And a woman in black, with her arms round a child —
A slim little thing of some three years or four —
And it sat with its mother 'longside of the door;
And next her the agent, and then a bent Jew,
And away in the corner a miner or two.
As I said, Bill had yelled in a manner quite loud,
And with that and his shooter so frightened the crowd
That when they were told to hand over the stuff,
Like the Jew they all seemed to be ready enough.

Well, the agent was first to lay hold of his pile,
Which he handed to Bill with a weak sort of smile;
Then the Jew, with "Mein Gott!" then the miners; and last
That 'ere widow a few silver pieces she passed
Out to Bill, who stood there in the wide-open door,
When, stranger, that little kid stretched from the floor,
And twisting her lips into something like this,
Said to him, "Sir, stoop down and I'll give you a kiss."
Well, Bill wasn't handsome; in fact, I may say
That his eyes, stranger, looked each a different way.
He was bandy-legged, too, and besides had red hair,
And his face was the shade of that rifle-stock there.
So you see, when that 'ere little hop-o'-my-thumb
Looked up in his face he was almost struck dumb.
A minute he turned sorter red and then white,
And looked 's if he wa'n't understanding it quite;
But seeing the mother, the miners, and Jew,
All staring hard at him, and I staring, too,
He stooped low, and lifting the cap from his head,
Kissed her twice where her purty cheeks most had the red;
And then, stranger, durned if he didn't let fall
His cap and his shooter, his plunder and all,
And leaped to the ground, and was off with a rush,
And the very next moment was lost in the brush.

MICHAEL LYNCH.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
  Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave alters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
  Only MAN, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
  Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAND.

KING OSWALD gloried not in pomp and power,
In conquest won by bloodshed and the sword;
Peace for his subjects did he strive to gain,
And to advance the kingdom of his Lord.

He oft laid by the sceptre and the crown,
With holy men to wander far and wide,
And tell his people in plain Saxon tongue
How Christ for them upon the cross had died.

In blessing God his hands so oft were clasped,
That when he sat in council or at rest,
Unwittingly to him, as if in prayer,
Those hands still folded lay upon his breast.

Kind to the poor was he, and full of grace;
Once, as with Aidan he sat down to meat,
They brought him word a famished multitude
Without his gate was begging food to eat.

Untasted lay the feast upon the board;
The king with eager haste his servants sped
To place this food before the starving crowd,
That none of all the poor should go unfed.

Then Bishop Aidan seized the royal hand,
That gracious hand, in deeds of right so bold.
"May this fair hand," he cried, in tones of love,
"This bounteous hand, oh, may it ne'er grow old!"

Soon war disturbed King Oswald's peaceful reign,
The cruel Penda ravaged sea and land,
And, to defend his people from the foe,
To battle Oswald went, with sword in hand.

In brave but hopeless fight he fell at last.
Then Penda gave command, with savage ire,
The king's slain body there should quartered be,
Each limb set on a stake to mark a shire.

When all else perished in the bleaching sun,
Pointing still upward, as if raised in prayer,
The gracious hand that Aidan erst had blessed
Remained unblemished, wondrous white and fair.

Only a legend, yet it bears the truth
That they who feed the hungry, warm the cold,
Have pure, white souls, that God shall take above,
In his bright heaven, never to grow old.

LUCY WADE HERRICK.

TWO DREAMS.

WEARY the king took off his crown;
In either hand he poised its weight.
"'Tis strange how heavy it has grown,"
He said, and with an impatient frown
He eyed it in a kind of hate;
Then on his bed he laid him down

And slept, and in a twinkling dreamed.
Oh, dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Delight through all his senses streamed;
A ragged vagabond he seemed;
Free winds of heaven his hair did kiss;
On his bare skin the free sun beamed.

At morn he waked, bewildered, first,
Or who he was, or where might be;
Then saw the crown, and with a burst
Of sudden rage he swore and cursed:
"No beggar would change lives with me!
Of all hard fates, a king's is worst!"

Outside the palace, on the ground,
Starved half to death, and freezing cold,
Less sheltered than the meanest hound,
A beggar slumbered, safe and sound,
And dreams to him came swift and bold,
As if a palace walled him round.

He dreamed he was a king indeed;
Oh, dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Of food, he had his utmost greed;
Of gold, beyond his utmost need;
All men knelt low his hand to kiss,
And gave his word obedient heed.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,
Or who he was, or where might be;
Then quick, by hunger and by thirst,
He knew himself, and groaned and cursed:
"No creature pity takes on me!
A beggar's fate of all is worst!"

H. H.

PEOPLE WILL LAUGH.

You enter the cars, the church or the hall,
You drop into a neighbor's to make a short call,
Wherever you go an hour to beguile,
You're sure to encounter a laugh or a smile,
For people will laugh.

You may wonder at what they are laughing at first;
Of all kinds of ignorance this is the worst!
Keep perfectly cool, don't get in a stew,
Although they may be even laughing at *you*,
For people will laugh.

You're speaking in public and miscall a word,
Immediately there'll a *giggle* be heard.
Never mind that, but keep straight ahead,
Don't stop to get angry and call them ill-bred,
For people will laugh.

A rusty old hat, or a plain-looking bonnet,
Or a dress with old-fashioned trimming upon it,
From ridicule will not be exempt,
But surely will call forth a smile of contempt,
For people will laugh.

Others your manners will criticise well,
You're either an "old fogy," or else you're a "swell,"
Or perhaps you're "silly," or too solemn or gruff,
You're either "old maidish" or not neat enough,
For people will laugh.

Perhaps some owe you a feeling of spite,
Do they come to you boldly and make it all right?
No; they laugh at you privately, calling you *mean*,
Disagreeable, stingy, conceited, or — green,
For people will laugh.

Oh, surely, this practice is not in good grace,
A sneer at the back and a smile for the face;
As ye would that others should do unto you,
Let the laugh be honest, good-humored, and true.
For people will laugh.

"CHRISTIANOS AD LEONES!"

"GIVE the Christians to the lions!" was the savage Roman's cry,
And the vestal virgins added their voices shrill and high,
And the Cæsar gave the order, "Loose the lions from their den!
For Rome must have a spectacle worthy of gods and men."

Forth to the broad arena a little band was led,
But words forbear to utter how the sinless blood was shed.

No sigh the victims proffered, but now and then a prayer
From lips of age and lips of youth rose upward on the air;
And the savage Cæsar muttered, "By Hercules! I swear,
Braver than gladiators these dogs of Christians are."

Then a lictor bending slavishly, saluting with his axe,
Said, "Mighty Imperator! the sport one feature lacks;
We have an Afric lion, savage, and great of limb,
Fasting since yestereven; is the Grecian maid for him?"

The emperor assented. With a frantic roar and bound,
The monster, bursting from his den, gazed terribly around,
And towards him moved a maiden, slowly, but yet serene;
"By Venus!" cried the emperor, "she walketh like a queen."

Unconscious of the myriad eyes she crossed the blood-soaked sand,
Till face to face the maid and beast in opposition stand;
The daughter of Athene, in white arrayed and fair,
Gazed on the monster's lowered brow and breathed a silent prayer.
Then forth she drew a crucifix and held it high in air.

Lo and behold! a miracle! the lion's fury fled,
And at the Christian maiden's feet he laid his lordly head,
While as she fearlessly caressed, he slowly rose, and then,
With one soft, backward look at her, retreated to his den.
One shout rose from the multitude, tossed like a stormy sea:
"The gods have so decreed it; let the Grecian maid go free!"

Within the Catacombs that night a saint with snowy hair
Folded upon his aged breast his daughter young and fair;
And the gathered brethren lifted a chant of praise and prayer;
From the monster of the desert, from the heathen fierce and wild,
God has restored to love and life his sinless, trusting child.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

BALLAD OF THE BELL-TOWER.

"Five years ago I vowed to Heaven upon my falchion-blade
To build the tower; and to this hour my vow hath not been paid.

When from the eagle's nest I snatched my falcon-hearted dove,
And in my breast shaped her a nest, safe and warm-lined with love,

Not all the bells in Christendom, if rung with fervent might,
That happy day in janglings gay had told my joy aright.

As up the aisle my bride I led in that triumphant hour,
I ached to hear some wedding-cheer clash from the minster-tower.

Nor chime nor tower the minster had; so in my soul I sware,
Come loss, come let, that I would set church-bells a-ringing there

Before a twelvemonth. But ye know what forays lamed the land,
How seasons went and wealth was spent, and all were weak of hand.

And then the yearly harvest failed ('twas when my boy was born);
But could I build while vassals filled my ears with cries for corn?

Thereafter happened the heaviest woe, and none could help or save;
Nor was there bell to toll a knell above my Hertha's grave.

Ah, had I held my vow supreme all hindrance to control,
Maybe these woes — God knows! God knows! — had never crushed my soul.

E'en now ye beg that I give o'er: ye say the scant supply
Of water fails in lowland vales, and mountain springs are dry.

'Here be the quarried stones,' ye grant; 'skilled craftsmen come at call;
But with no more of water-store how *can* we build the wall?'

Nay, listen: last year's vintage crowds our cellars, tun on tun;
With wealth of wine for yours and mine, dare the work go undone?

Quick! bring them forth, these mighty butts: let none be elsewhere sold,
And I will pay this very day their utmost worth in gold;

That so the mortar that cements each stone within the shrine,
For her dear sake, whom God did take, may all be mixed with wine."

. . . . . .

'Twas thus the baron built his tower; and, as the story tells,
A fragrance rare bewitched the air whene'er they rang the bells.

A merrier music tinkled down when harvest-days were long:
They seemed to chime at vantage-time a catch of vintage-song;

And when the vats were foamed with must, if any loitered near
The minster tower at vesper hour, above him he would hear

Tinglings, as of subsiding trills, athwart the purple gloom,
And every draught of air he quaffed would taste of vineyard bloom.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he 's old enough to trabble;
I nebber digs my taters till dey plenty big to grabble;
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' whut dey wearin',
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' markit-price 't 'd hurt yo' little feelin's:
You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, for all yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs — leetle apples (for you're r'ally mighty like 'em) —
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough it's suldom I kin strike 'em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces —
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es.

Is dere a Sabbaf-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!

Dey sol' him to a trader — an' at las' he struck de prison:
Dat comed of Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian fren's, dis story proobes dat eben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats ef he'd 'a' bin a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it;
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ebber shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches,
Dey didn't go for stylish coats nor Philadelphy breeches;
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught him better,
But he went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't you take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'?
How much you spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might remember
Yo' preacher ain't bin paid a cent sence somewhar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon 's kinder hittin'
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's a-sittin';
To look at dem, an' lis'en at dey onrespectful jabber,
It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty nigh to clabber!
A-a-a-men!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

MRS. BROWN AT THE PLAY.

WE crosses that road, and goes into the entrance to that theayter, as were for all the world like a passage agoin' into a cellar, with a gaslight a-flarin' out, for all the world like a butcher's shop of a Saturday night, as bulged out that sudden, jest as I were a-passin' it, and scorched my 'air all up into lumps, and it's a mussy as I were not reduced to a fiery grave, as the sayin' is.

When we got to the end of that passage, as were a door, there were a werry nice old gentleman a-standin' there, a fatherly old man, as was a-eatin' of pennywinkles out of 'is pocket-'ankercher, as no sooner set eyes on me than he says, "Escuse me, mum, but you looks fatigued, and if you'll take and rest your back ag'in the wall, you'll find as it will rest you wonderful."

It were good adwice as he give me, and well meant, no doubt;

but I shall never, in this world, get the green paint and white-wash out of my Chinee crape shawl, 'as 'ave reg'lar spilte it.

I don't think as ever I did, and 'opes I never ag'in shall, feel so dreadful knocked up, and should 'ave give way altogether, if I 'adn't kep' a-leanin' all my weight on my umbreller for to support myself, when that old gent with the winkles says, arter a bit, "Escuse me, mum; but, if it don't make no difference to you, would you mind a-takin' of your umbreller off my foot for a bit, as is my tender pint?"

I says, "With pleasure, sir; and 'opes as you'll escuse me thro' 'avin' of a dreadful sinkin' come on."

. . . . . .

It certingly were lovely music, as I doats on, partickler the wiolin, as I could set and listen to by the 'our together: I 'ave done so afore now, thro' little Tommy Roberts, as lived in our court, a-playin' of it entire by 'is ears, and did used to come and play to me a 'ole arternoon.

But wot I liked best in that music as them gents was a-playin' were the ornet. I never 'eard such ornet-playin', never; for the party as blowed it, blowed that wiolent, a-turnin' that red, with his wains a-swellin', as I says to Brown, "Mark my words, he'll bust 'isself to bits; and, wot's more, he'll blow us all out of the place."

I liked it all werry much; but the drum, as a bit of a boy 'd got 'old on, as were a deal too young to be trusted with a drum, as he 'it that 'ard as it went clean thro' my 'ead, and drownded everythink.

But I certingly did like that music; and I says to Brown, "It's a pity there ain't a bit of dance, for I loves a dance."

That boy, he turns round and says, "You're a beauty to dance, any'ow!"

My fingers did itch for to box that boy's ears, as I should 'ave done, only just then they drawed up a big think as were 'anging in front of us, and, oh, it were lovely, to be sure! I never did! There was blue mountings over there, and in front on 'em a river with a little bridge, and a cottage all a one side, with trees a-'angin' down, and lovely flowers all over the place.

"Law," I says, "Brown, ain't it lovely! 'Ow I should like to spend the day! For all the world like Eppin' Forest the day we was married!"

That boy, he turns round and says, "Shet up — can't you!"

I'd 'ave given 'im a good prog in the back with my umbreller,

only I see two parties a-comin' over that little bridge, as I see 'ad somethink partickler to say as I wanted to listen to.

One on 'em were a 'aughty, stuck-up feller in a large cloak, with a feather in 'is 'at, and yeller boots, with spurs a-clinkin', as they always wears over there. So I see in a hinstant as he were some one partickler.

There come along with them a nasty smudged-faced character, with one of them dark canister looks in the heye, as I couldn't abear the moment I set eyes on 'im, and says to Brown, "Mark my words, he ain't no good."

Brown, he only says, "'Old your row!"

Well, I says, "Thoughts is free, any'ow," but didn't say no more; for parties says, "'Ush!" and I wanted myself for to 'ear what them fellers 'ad got to say for themselves.

Well, the chap in the feathers, he up and says, "All I possesses is mine: why should I not have that which I desires?"

The dirty-face chap, he ups and says, "My lord, you shall."

"Oh," I says, "shall he?" for I couldn't not abear them two from the werry fust.

Then says the chap in the feathers, "Why does the 'aughty beauty so long despise my suits?"

The dirty-face chap, he says, "Give me but gold, and I will bear 'er this night to your castle 'alls."

I was put out to 'ear 'im talk like that, so takes and shakes my umbreller at 'im, and says, "You dare to lay a finger on 'er, you good-for-nothink, kidnappin' waggerbone!" as made Brown give me a wiolent nudge to be quiet.

But law! that chap with the feathers, he takes and says, scowlin' like, "Slave, gold shall be thine, and more," and takes and chucks at 'im a puss as long as my arm; and the money as must 'ave been in that puss must 'ave been untold, if you might judge by the chink.

Well, that smudged-face waggerbone, he ketches that puss, as he takes and shoves in 'is bussim, and says, "Ah! she comes," a-whisperin' 'oarse-like. An jest then the music played up; and out at that cottage door come the loveliest young creetur as ever I set eyes on — a reglar beauty: wax-works was fools to 'er.

Every one begun a-clappin' of their 'ands as she come forrard, a-makin' of 'er obedience quite prutty; and I says to Brown, "Well, she is a dear, and you can tell as she's from the country: look at 'er rosy cheeks;" for I never did see any one look more rosyer.

Well, there she was a-standin' jest over them musicianers, as couldn't play for lookin' at 'er, with 'er lovely 'air all in ringlets down 'er back, jest, for all the world, like a 'air-dresser's winder, and a book-muslin skirt that full that it stuck out like a umbreller all round 'er.

I couldn't take my eyes off 'er, and says to Brown, "She is a love, to be sure; but," I says, "Brown!"

He says, "Oh, bother! What is it?"

"Why," I says, "she certingly is a dear creetur; but, in my opinion, 'er things is full short."

Brown, he says, "All the better."

I says, "Mr. Brown, you're a brute; but," I says, "all as I've got to say, is, if she was a dorter of mine, growed up like that, she shouldn't stand at the hedge of a pressy pitch of fiddlers, not with sich short things on as them. Wotever would you say if you see me a-standin' up there dressed like that?"

He only busts out a-larfin' that loud as made parties 'oller out, "'Ush!" and stare round at us, as is so rediculous of Brown, a-makin' of 'isself that conspicerous in a public place, where parties wishes for to be quiet, in course.

Well, them two waggerbones 'ad drawed theirselves back while that young gal sung a little song, a-wishin' she were a thing of hair. As I says, "Well, I'm sure she's got a plenty, if all 'er own," as made them as was near me snigger like; tho' some took my remark werry 'uffy, partickler a young woman with a sojer, as sot next me, as tossed 'er 'ead every time as I opened my lips.

When she'd done a-singin', that young gal begun a-talkin' about 'er mounting 'ome; and that chap with the feathers comes up to 'er with a start like, and says, "'Aughty beauty, 'ow long will you disdain my suits? 'Ave I not gold? 'ave I not lands? will I not lay hall at your feet?"

But she up and spoke that proper, and says, "No, my lord; never, my lord! Though poor and lowly, I am 'umble and innercent; and," she says, "I would rather," she says, "'ave innercency on the mounting top than wice in a walley."

I was so pleased to 'ear 'er talk like that, so proper, that I says to 'er, I says, "And right you are, my dear," as made some fools bust out a-larfin'.

But law bless you! that chap in the feathers, he wasn't to be put off with no words like them, but ketches 'old on 'er by the wristes, and I do believe were agoin' to be downright rude on the spot.

But she give a squall; and, as luck would 'ave it, there were a sea-farin' party a-comin' by, a reg'lar sailor in little white trousers and a shiny 'at, with a stick and a bundle jest like a sailor, as says, "Avast there! wot a lovely fieldmale in distress, and old Jack Marlin'spike, shiver my timbers!"

Oh! I was so glad to see 'im I could 'ave give 'im a kiss; and I says, "Oh, you old dear!"

But the chap in the feathers, he were ready for 'im, bless you; for he takes and whips off his cloak, and if he weren't stuck full of swords and daggers all round 'im!

It give me such a orful turn; for I can't abear the sight of them fire-arms, as is well known will go off like a gun when least espected.

So I says, "Brown," I says, "there'll be murder 'ere, I can see — the hegg-cup, this hinstant! a thing I never goes out without; for I can't a-bear to lift a bottle to my mouth, as looks so wulgar in a lady."

Oh! I'm glad as I took it; for if I 'adn't, I never could 'ave set and see it; for them two got a-fightin' with the sailor like mad, till they knocks 'im down on one knee, tho' he wouldn't give in, with fire a-flashin' out of them swords, till he were reg'lar down; and then they was agoin' to massercree 'im on the spot, when that young gal got a couple of pistols somewheres, and come and 'eld 'em to their two good-for-nothink 'eads.

You should 'ave see 'ow them waggerbones was took aback, as went over that bridge a-gnashin' of their teeth like a couple of tigers debaulked of their cubs.

That young gal, she run away into the cottage, glad to get away from sich company. But the sailor, he got up, and made 'isself werry agreeable, a-singin' and a-dancin' quite cheerful — jest like a sailor all over.

Well, I do think as I must 'ave dropped off a bit, as some will; for tho' the 'art is light, the heyes is 'eavy sometimes. But there wasn't no occashuns for Brown to ketch me like that sharp in the side with 'is elber, as he did, and say, "Come, old snorer, if you're agoin' to sleep all night, you might as well be at 'ome."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I'm not reg'lar asleep, tho' dosey, and wot you takes for snores is sobs; for I 'as a feelin' 'art, and can't 'elp a-frettin' about that young gal."

He says, "Oh, bother the young gal! she's ail right. Here, you take the hegg-cup, as is about your size."

I'm thankful as I did take it; for I'm sure if I 'adn't I should 'ave screamed out, bein' that surprised a-lookin' up, and seein' all the place turned into a bed-room, — a good-sized room, I might say large, tho' not much furniture, with a little tent-bed, with check curtings to the winder, and a chest of drawers as looked desolate like; and there was that young gal as we'd see at fust, with a candle in 'er 'and, as she put down on the chest of drawers, and takes and draws the curtings, and turns down the bed, all nat'ral like.

Well, then she takes off 'er little 'at, and kicks off 'er little shoes, and begins for to undo the little jacket she'd got on.

So I says, "Brown!" and gives 'im a nudge.

He says, "Wot is it?"

I says, "You don't never mean to say as she's agoin' to bed afore all these people?"

He says, "You'll see."

I says, "I 'opes I shall not *see;* for," I says, "it's 'ighly improper; and I shall make a pint of not a-lookin', and you didn't ought to."

Well, poor thing, she didn't do no more in the way of undressin' when she puffs out the light. It give me sich a turn; for the place went that suddin dark, you wouldn't 'ave thought as one candle could 'ave made sich a difference.

Well, poor thing, she was into bed in a jiffey, as the sayin' is, and off like a church in a instant.

"Well," I says to Brown, "I'm a good sleeper myself, but couldn't 'ave gone off suddin like that, as were per'aps thro' the music a-playin' that soft like.

She 'adn't 'ardly closed 'er heyes when out from the wallance of 'er little bed come the 'ead of that smudged-face willin we'd see at fust.

"Now," I says, "Mr. Brown, who is right, and who is wrong? Didn't I say he were a bad 'un from the werry fust?"

He says, "Oh, do 'old your row, do!"

I says, "That depends;" for that feller he come a-crawlin' from under the bed, a-squabblin' all about the place, a-pretendin' as he couldn't see, as were like 'is nasty deceitful ways; 'cos, in course, if I could see, he could.

Well, he goes across the room, and opens the winder, and gives a whistle like a low-lived butcher-boy; and if that willin in the feathers didn't come a-rigglin' on the pit of his stomick on that winder-sell, and get into the room!

I says, "Mr. Brown, here's goin's on as I don't 'old with.

Wotever bisness 'as them two waggerbones in this poor young thing's room?" for I felt like a mother to 'er.

Says Brown, "Do be quiet; for," he says, "if you keeps on a-interruptin' of 'em like this, they'll turn you out."

I says, "Interruptin' of 'em indeed! as is my dooty for to do, as one woman by another. And, as to turnin' me out, I should like to see 'em do it; for as long as I've got my umbreller I'm a match for them two rascals any day."

Well, poor thing, jest then, bein' nat'ral disturbed in 'er rest by them whistlin's and noises, she give a uneasy turn in 'er sleep, like wakin' up; and if that smudge-face willin didn't take and draw a knife out as long as my arm, as seemed for to turn the 'ole mask of my blood!

So I says, "Brown," I says, "if it's only arf the hegg-cup, I must 'ave a-somethink."

It's a mussy as I took it; for jest then she set up in the bed, and give a scream as went right thro' me, as made them two fellers rush at 'er with their drawed swords.

I says, "Brown," I says, "I'm your lawful wife, and the mother of children, and ain't agoin' to set 'ere in cold blood and see murder done, to please nobody." And a party a-settin' near says, "'Ush!"

I says, "Who are you, a-'ushin'? I sha'n't 'ush. There!"

Says another feller, a-'ollerin' at me quite rude, "Horder! horder!"

"Well," I says, "suppose I did come with a horder, wot of that? Is that any reason I ain't to do my dooty by a feller-creetur'?"

Says Brown, "Do for goodness' sake 'old your row!"

I says, "I won't. 'Elp!" I says. "Murder!" I says; for I see 'em a-pullin' 'er out of 'er bed. "Perlice, perlice!" I 'ollers; and there was the perlice, as come and ketched 'old of me by the harm, and says, "Come out!"

I says, "Perliceman, 'owever dare you come a-molestin' of me as am doin' my dooty down 'ere? but take and do yours by them as is a-doin' wrong up there. You never are where you're wanted, as is well known."

He only give me a wiolent pull by the harm, and says, "Come, out with you!"

That young woman as were a-settin' by me with the sojer, says, "And glad I am as you're agoin', as 'ave been a downright noosance all the evenin'; for when you ain't been a-jorin', you've been a-snorin': so there ain't been no 'earin' a word for you."

I says, "Young 'ooman, you mind your own bisness, and look arter your sojer, as in my opinion you've been a-makin' too free with the licker, as is disgraceful in a fieldmale." But she only bust out a-larfin'; and that boy, he turns round and says, "Oh, my heye, old lady! ain't you mops and brooms?"

I should certingly 'ave give 'im a good settin' down, only but for the perlice, as said, "Are you a-comin'?" and give me sich a wiolent jerk, and Brown a nudge in the side simultanous, as the sayin' is, as knocked my 'air right over my heyes, and reg-'lar blindfolded me like, so I couldn't see nothink more, but could 'ear that poor gal's screams whilst they was a-'awlin' and pullin' and a-liftin' me about the place shameful, as made me 'oller ten thousand murders, till they let me go with my 'ands at liberty for to get my 'air out of my heyes; and, when I did so, I looks round, and if I wasn't in the open streets, and a-pourin' with rain intorrently.

All I can say is, if that's their ways of goin' on at them plays, if ever I goes ag'in to the play, them as sees me there may tell me on it.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

DUTCH SECURITY.

SAID Jake Metzenmaker to his sweetheart:

"Loweeza, you vas a poody gal!"

To which that bright-eyed young German damsel replied, "Shake, dot vas nice; say it again."

"Py golly!" Jake exclaimed; "you vas more peautiful ash a budder-cup, and I hope you vill marry me right away."

Then that sensible young woman responded:

"Shake, I like dot marriage idea poody vell. I pelieve me it vas a sensible peezness. Und I like you, Shake, more ash a gooble dimes. But I vants seguridy."

"Vants seguridy! I undershtand no such dhings," said Jake in amazement.

"Nein? Right avay I dole you. Ouf you read dose babers, you find out it vas a great peezness by married fellers to run aroundt the saloon, und don't like to vork, und oufter the vife say some dhings she got a plack eye, and then she vas goome by the bolice court for some seguridy for make him do petter."

"Put you don't vas pelieve I do such a dhings, Loweeza? I schwear dot, my lofe —"

"Schwear vas a leedle fence not more ash a gooble feed high,

und you shump over him ash easy ash you like. I pelieve you vas righdt now, Shake. Put there vas a great risk, und I vant some seguridy for dose dime vhen you vill be poss."

"Und you von'd marry me vidout dot seguridy?"

"I pelieve me, Shake, it vas petter ve got him now, ash pyund-py ouf dot bolice court — ain'd id?"

"Vell, vat seguridy you vant?"

"I dink, anyvay, a tousand tollar pond vould be apout right."

"A tousand tollars! I don't ouver I find some man vhat like to schain hisself by such a gueldt."

"If you don'd could find a friend mit dot much gonfidence py you, Shake, vhat sort of a shance you dink I dake?"

FROM ONE STAND-POINT.

THE minister will preach to-day
On endless punishment;
No doubt the folks will fill the church,
Upon the theme intent.
I should have bought a pair of gloves;
These are not fit to wear;
Our pew, you know, is in plain sight
Of everybody there.

Of course all men will not be saved! —
Is my shawl folded straight? —
Not many rich, the Bible says,
Will pass the narrow gate;
They have their good things in this life, —
Is not that rose awry? —
I wonder what old Madame D'Or
Thinks of the camel's eye?

She eats from gold, the servants say,
And sleeps in silken sheets, —
Come to the window, Gracie dear,
The people fill the streets.
Say, would you wear your coral pin? —
There is the second bell!
One thinks, in seeing such a crowd,
Of the broad way to hell.

Don't let your dress trail on the walk;
That silk was very dear; —
I hope to see Frank Hertz to-day;
He's rather lax, I fear.
I heard him say, not long ago,
"I don't believe the man
Is living that can cipher out
Our Heavenly Father's plan."

A pity, I should say, if all
The men who study so,
And spend their lives in libraries
With logic, do not know.
Frank says he studies for himself;
That's nonsense, when we pay
The minister to think for us,
And teach the heavenly way.

I should be glad if all could go
With us, — of course I should;
But then a sinner couldn't live
In heaven with the good.
It isn't plain what *we* shall do
To pass our time away;
But then one needn't cross a bridge
Till one gets there, they say.

Ah! here we are. Just see the crowd!
And there is Dr. Brown!
They say he is more eloquent
Than any man in town.
I'm just in raptures when he talks,
His reasoning is so clear;
He'll treat the subject beautifully,
There's not a doubt, my dear.

Please push that hassock this way, Grace,
And let me take your fan;
It's just as well to be at ease,
If anybody can.
It does seem hard to be in ——
So long, when you reflect!
How thankful we all ought to be
Who are of the elect.

The doctor's opening is superb, —
What! four men taking notes!
Poor fellows! They are very sure
To be among the goats.
Well, well, it is inscrutable,
The whole I cannot see;
But Dr. Brown is proving it,
And that's enough for me.

M. F. Butts.

THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

"We'll rescue the captive, his fetters we'll rend;
We'll bring him his freedom, our good loving friend."
So shouted and clamored, with menaces loud,
'Fore the castle's wall the angry crowd.

The firebrands caught on the turrets and floors,
The knights and the nobles were driven out-doors,
The masters and servants were slaughtered amain,
In pantry and wine-vaults fierce rushed the mad train.

They broached the deep cellars, they guzzled the wine,
In slumbers deep drunken on earth did recline,
In bestial indulgence the tables did choke,
And rose well refreshed as the third morning broke.

"Where is the poor pris'ner? Where spends he his day?
Why sits he not with us to banquet and play?
Let's hunt him, good brethren, bring help to your friend,
The iron-bound door of his dungeon let's rend."

His corpse, smoke-smothered, upon the ground,
By the fire they revelled around they found;
Despised and neglected, 'midst ashes and flame,
The embers' forked tongues licked his evil-starred frame.

But it pleased the rabble rout just as well,
And they left him to moulder and rot where he fell.
Then roistered and shouted, each over his can,
"How well we've avenged the innocent man!"

Henry Phillips, Jr.

THE PERIL OF THE MINES.

"TWENTY years ago last May I came to live in this bit of a house by the great coal mine, to be near my husband and my two boys. Not that I felt they were in any great danger when I lost sight of them going down in the shaft in the morning; but then, you see, I could have them by me a bit longer in the morning, and then it was so pleasant to watch for them coming up at night; and more than all, little crumbs of news came up from time to time all day. Somebody would be coming up every little while, and I had many a chance to drop in the buckets little tin pails, with a taste of something warm right off the fire, or a bottle of hot coffee, when I saw my husband, or Rufus, or Charles, was a little weak; and then to watch for the 'thank you, wife,' or 'thank you, mother,' that was always certain to come back the next chance. Oh, I like living here! I would not have gone away to live in the finest house in the land and left my husband and boys behind.

"It was seventeen years ago last May when the overseer of the mine came one night to talk to my husband. He took him out of the house and beyond the little garden paling, where I could not hear what he said; but when he had gone, John — that was my husband — looked soberer than ever I had seen him in my life; and he was always the brightest man, full of good thoughts to all. He could not help laughing out his gladness. He said 'there was so much of it coming up in his soul that he couldn't help letting it out;' and it made me feel as if I was all done up in a rainbow, somehow; and then the two boys —"

For a moment Aunt Mudge stopped, and Paul ventured to ask: "What did the overseer want?"

"He wanted my husband to go down in the mine at midnight, and examine it, just as the miners had gone below now. There were noises, strange growlings and groanings, and the damps were filling all the mine. You see they opened the mine then on both sides of the mountain, east and west, and were working toward each other, hoping to gain an opening through the mountain; and some thought it was the air rushing through that made the noises. Well, my husband went down. He never told me till 'twas just midnight. You see it was Sunday night, and nothing could coax him to go down on Sunday; so he let me go to sleep; and, when I woke up, the moon was

floating into the room like a great high tide; and there, right in the midst of it, was John, kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers; and I heard the little clock on the kitchen shelf strike, and I counted twelve. Just then came a knock, and John said 'Amen,' quite out loud, and got up. Then he came and looked at me, and saw that I was wide awake; and so he kissed me, and said:

"'Good-by, my little Mudge! I'm going down the mine to look at some things they've found down there. I'll be back, please God, to eat breakfast with you.'

"The moonlight, and the prayer, and the knock, and the good-by, all seemed so strange that they dazed me, and I let him go; but a dream I had just after, frightened my sleep away, and I went out and sat by the lonely shaft, and watched all night. I listened with my ears close to the opening; but it was all so still; and the great full moon walked down the blue field, and the dark mountain came up between, and the day began to break at last, and then I got up. My two boys were out, early as it was, digging in the garden to surprise me; so I stole in at the front door and let them think I was asleep.

"The little round table — you see it there — was soon ready; four plates and knives and forks on it; it was just large enough for four. Well, while the breakfast was waiting for John, the boys came to inquire for their father; and when I had told them where he had gone, they never stopped to speak, but went straight out, and I followed them to the place where I had watched all night. Just then the miners were come, and they said Rufus and Charles must not go down; but my two boys couldn't be kept back, and they bade me good-by; and, as their bright heads went out of sight, Rufus called back, 'Keep the breakfast warm, mother, and we will fetch father up to eat soon.'

"The place where the coal was taken out of the mine was about half a mile away, and the men who stood at the windlass were gone to it, and I could not bear to leave the place; the signal might come at any instant, and there would be no one there to mind it, so I stayed; but no sign came until the sun was high in the sky; and then I heard a soft step behind me, as I sat watching the rope, not daring to take my eyes from it to see who came nearer and nearer.

"'What is my little Mudge doing here?' said John's voice; 'I've come for my breakfast;' and my husband stood leaning over me. 'The boys, John!' was all that I could utter, never stopping to ask or wonder how he could have come to me.

"'God pity us, wife, if the boys are down below!' was all he said; and in an instant he was gone for aid. He met the two men returning from the coal-shaft just beyond the garden railing; and, dazed as I was by everything that day, I knew enough to run to the house for a bit of food, that might never meet the lips it was prepared for, and to lend a hand at the crank, as my John and another brave soul went down out of sight. Before many seconds, the signal came to draw back, and the two men could not lift themselves out of the bucket when they came into the air, but held on, with white, gasping faces, although we wound up as fast as we could; and when I saw them, I knew my two boys would never come back to me as they had gone from me. But I had my husband safe, and I tried to take that into my soul, and to make it grow there and cover up the great wound that I had got."

"You didn't tell us how your husband got out," gasped Paul.

"No, I forgot that, thinking of the boys. There were terrible eruptions and explosions down there in the deep blackness, and the lamps seemed of no use at all, the air was so thick; and God alone knows how, but the way between the east and the west shafts was opened by some angel, and the poor fellow escaped death by it. At that dreadful time the mine was so filled up that the old places are not cleared away yet, and that is what I am waiting for. It will come soon now. John never got well. He went away from me day by day, until at last I could find him no longer; but, in some way, he left all his cheerfulness and his thankfulness behind, for me to live by. The last words he said were, 'I'm going to the west shaft to watch for the boys; you stay and watch here.' That night he died, and I saw the same full moon walk down the great blue field up above, and the shadow of the mountain came up, and it was all darkness; but the sun was shining when I lifted up my face — it had been shining full on my face and on John's; but it was not the sunshine that made his shine so, it was something that he saw in heaven; and they put him away with the light still on it."

The little brown nut of a house has gone from the mountain; the little woman who had found the fountain of perpetual youth is gone from the earth to where life-springs are immortal, and she sees the something that John saw in heaven; and to us, who watched and are left, there are dark mines, and miners ever coming up and going down — waiting for us to give them a helping hand, and to pour into the shafts of life of the sunshine that God gives richly to those who dwell on His mountain.

AUNT PHILLIS'S GUEST.

St. Helena Island, 1863.

I WAS young, and "Harry" was strong,
The Summer was bursting from sky and plain,
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed — and I dropped the rein.

A black sea-creek, that like a snake
Slipped through a low green league of sedge,
An ebbing tide and a setting sun,
And a hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent, and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away —
That Freedom had come to the last of a race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
There was praise in the hut when "the pain" passed by;
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with bright-blue sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"
I asked, and pitied the gray old head;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
"*Me and Jesus*, Massa," she said.

I started; for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before;
The air was full of a music low,
And the guest Divine stood at the door!

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,
And shown Himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The grovelling want, and the darkened mind,
I looked on this — but the Lord, within;
Oh, I would what he saw was in me to find!

A childlike soul, whose faith had force
To see what the angels see in bliss;
She lived, and the Lord lived — so of course
They lived together — she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized,
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done;
A few days more of the hut's unrest;
A little while longer to sit in the sun —
Then! — *He* would be host, and *she* would be guest!

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day,
And ask, "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.
A fancy foolish and fond, it seems?
And things are not as Aunt Phillis dreams?

Friend, be it so;
But this I know —
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That His commonest thing hides a wonder vast
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed;
That His *fact* in the present, or in the to be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

WM. C. GANNETT.

ANNIE'S TICKET.

PLAZE, sir, I have brought you the ticket
You gave her a short wake ago;
My own little girl I am manin',
The one wid the fair hair, ye know,
And the blue eyes so gentle and tendher,
And swate as the angels above;
God help me, she's one of thim now, sir,
And I've nothin' at all left to love.

It has come on me suddin, ye see, sir;
She was niver an ailin' child,
Though her face was as white as a lily,
And her ways just that quiet and mild.
The others was always a throuble,
And botherin', too, ivery way,
But the first tears as iver she cost me
Are thim that I'm sheddin' to-day.

'Twas on Tuesday night that she sickened,
She had been as blithe as a bird
All day, wid the ticket you gave her;
The like of it niver was heard:
"Oh, mammie, just think of the music;"
And, "Mammie, they'll give us ice crame;
We can roll on the turf and pick posies;
Oh, mammie, it's just like a drame!"

And so, when the fever kim on her,
It seemed the one thought in her brain;
'Twould have melted the heart in your breast, sir,
To hear her, again and again,
Beggin': "Mammie, oh, plaze get me ready —
The boat will be gone off, I say;
I hear the bell ring — where's my ticket?
Oh! won't we be happy to-day?"

Three days, sir, she raved with the fever,
Wid her face and hands like a flame;
But on Friday, at noon, she grew quiet,
And knew me, and called me by name.
My heart gave a lape when I heard it;
But, oh! sir, it turned me to stone —
The look round the mouth, pinched and drawn like,
I knew God had sent for his own.

And she knew it, too, sir, the crathur,
And said, when I told her the day,
In her wake little voice: "Mammie darlint,
Don't cry 'cause I'm goin' away.
To-morrow they'll go to the picnic;
They'll have beautiful times, I know;
But heaven is like it, and betther,
And so I am ready to go.

"And, mammie, I ain't a bit frightened,
There's many a little girl died —
And it seems like the dear, lovin' Saviour
Was standin' right here by my side.
Take my ticket, dear mammie, and ask
If some other child, poor and sad,
That hasn't got heaven and Jesus,
May go in my place and be glad."

And thin, "Wish good-by, mammie darlint,"
She drew my lips down to her own,
Thin the One she had felt close beside her
Bent, too, and I sat there — alone.
And so I have brought you the ticket,
Though my heart seems ready to break,
To ask you to make some poor crathur
Feel glad for my dear darlint's sake.

ALONG THE LINE.

WHAT say? "A song or a story?" Draw us a box 'r a chair,
All them that is wantin' to listen; — but, boys, I'm a-tellin' you fair!
See this? It 'll go for the feller what takes a notion to laugh,
And him or me will be t' our folks a man or a foretograph!

You didn't know Jim — of course not — I'm tellin' you now of him:
A fearful chap on his muscle, a wild old boy, was Jim;
But, boys, — now don't you forgit it, — he was as good and square
As any man that country held — and plenty o' men was there.

Jim was a lightnin'-jerker — of course you know 't I mean:
He sot at his little table and rattled the Morse machine —
And *didn't* it rattle? I bet you! He'd studied it down so fine,
There wasn't a one that could "send" with him, not all along the line.

One time Jim sot in the office, a-smokin' and gazin' out,
When in come a feller was lookin' skeered — and nuff to be skeered about!
He told his news in a minnit, and — man as he was — got cry'n';
And "*Yaller Fever is broken out!*" went clickin' along the line.

I think that line was connected with every soul in the land,
From what was sent t' us Howards — I'm one, d' ye understand?
Of all the parts o' the Union, no tellin' which helped us most;
And we was a-workin', we was, sir! And Jim, he kep' to his post.

All day long he was settin' pushin' away at the key,
Or takin' off from the sounder, just as the case might be;
And most of the night a-nursin'. And what was bracin' his heart
Was knowin' his only sister 'n' him was seventy miles apart.

The air got full o' the fever; grass growed up in the street;
Travel the town all over, and never a man you'd meet,
'Cept, maybe, some feller a-runnin', who'd say, as he passed you by:
"I'm tryin' to find the doctor;" or, "Billy is bound to die."

When folks went under — they might be the very best in the land —
We throwed 'em into a white-pine box, and drayed 'em out, off-hand,
To wait their turn to be planted, — without a word or a prayer, —
There wa'n't no chance and there wa'n't no time for prayin' or preachin' there.

Well, Jim he minded his duty, and stuck to the work — oh, yes —
But, boys, one Saturday night, when he was busy sendin' the press,
There come a break, and his office call, and soon as he'd time to sign,
"*Your sister's took the fever and died*" come flashin' along the line.

Throw up the winder and let in air! How can I breathe or speak
With —— Jim? Oh, certainly; news like that was bound for to make him weak;

But Jim sot straight at the table — he warn't the man to shirk!
And, calmer and cooler than I am now, he finished the company's work.

But then he dropped — and in four days more all that was left of him
Was the wasted body that once had held the noblest soul — poor Jim!
Oh! boys, that brother and sister was *brother and sister o' mine* —
I wonder if ever we'll meet ag'in — somewhere along the line?

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE DIVORCE FEAST.

JOSEPH of Sidon — richer man, they said,
In the city was not — had ten years been wed,
And dearly loved his wife, but not a child,
Blessing their union, had upon them smiled;
Hence he grew sad reflecting his broad lands
At death must all pass into alien hands.
And so he said one day unto his wife:
"Ours, though a happy, is a childless life;
No heir you've borne to me, and we must part."
His wife — though she was very sad at heart,
Loving her husband well — no answer made;
The law spoke plainly, and must be obeyed.

They went to Rabbi Simeon the Wise
And told unto him their perplexities;
And he, when they had spoken, said: "Your life
These ten years has been ever free from strife,
And I am glad that when your marriage ends,
You are as you have lived — the best of friends.
Well do I recollect — how swiftly time flies! —
Your wedding; those were rare festivities —
Song, banquet, dance; your friends had gathered there,
The happy, in your happiness to share.
Why should you not observe in the same way
Your day of parting as your marriage day?
Make a grand feast, and to your friends ope wide
Your doors, array yourselves as groom and bride,

Eat, drink, be merry, and then come to me,
And I will give you the desired decree."

They thanked the Rabbi wise, and hastened home,
And to the festival their friends bade come.
Never such feast had in the city been,
Nor bride and groom in such rich raiment seen.
Joyous the wife was, although sad at heart,
Knowing, the feast over, that they twain must part;
And oft a glance she cast along the board
Toward the husband whom she still adored.
"Ruddy and white was my beloved then,"
She thought, "and chiefest of ten thousand men;
His head of most fine gold, his locks of jet;
His eyes as eyes of doves, and fitly set;
His cheeks a bed of spices, and his lips
Like lilies from which myrrh sweet smelling drips;
'Daughters of Jerusalem,' I said, 'attend;
For this my beloved and my dearest friend.'"
And Joseph, too, was moved, reflecting: "So
It was we feasted but ten years ago.
How fair thou wert, my love — behold, how fair!
Thou hadst doves' eyes within thy locks; thy hair
It was like purple, and thy teeth did seem
A flock of sheep that came up from the stream
Even-shorn, and thy lips a scarlet thread;
Thy bosom like two young twin roses that fed
Among the lilies — ah! thou wert all fair,
My love; my love, no spot in thee was there."
And raising up a cup of wine, he laughed,
Then sighed, as he the generous liquor quaffed,
"We have been happy, and had Heaven to us
Sent children happy, had we lived on thus."
And filling up the cup, replied his wife:
"Let me — for mine has been a happy life —
Take something to recall it when I go."
Her husband answered, "Be it so —
Take what you will; I pledge thee in this wine,
Whate'er is here, and thou wouldst have, is thine."

The feast went on, and all drank long and deep,
And Joseph in his chair fell fast asleep.

He waked: the room in which he oped his eyes,
Its furniture, he could not recognize;
When his wife entered, and he asked her, "What
Dwelling is this? How came I to this spot?"
"It is my father's house," she said; "you swore
I should take with me when I left your door
Whate'er I held most dear, and never guessed
Of all was in the world I loved you best.
I brought you here asleep."

"We shall not part,"
Her husband said, and strained her to his heart.
Nor did they part till death; but long ere then
God gave them gift of children, so that when
Joseph of Sidon died, he left his lands
In his children's and his children's children's hands.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S DEFENCE.

FATHERS: you call on me to defend the accusations which have been made against me. You have charged me with murder, rebellion, and desertion; all of which charges I can prove false.

Fathers: when the Great Spirit gave me life, so that I might breathe the air of America, he also gave me the soul of an Indian warrior; and I hope that he will see I have not debased the gifts he endowed me with. The snow came on the woods near thirty times before our chiefs took up the tomahawk; and in that time I grew from infancy to manhood, and called Montena "wife"; three noble boys and one fair girl were those who called me "father." Till now we'd smoked the pipe of peace; when once, as everything was locked in sleep, and the fair light of heaven had left our woods, I was returning from the chase, when, oh! spirit of my fathers witness, — witness what I say, — I found my wigwam sunk in a heap of smoking ruins, and my three brave sons stretched dead upon the earth; and what was worse, "The Light of the Woods," my lovely Zadig, was stolen from me, to meet a fate, perhaps, worse than that my sons had met. My wife was still remaining, to tell the dismal tale, and to raise the fire of vengeance in my heart by saying 'twas your pale-faced warriors that had worked the ruin of an unoffending savage.

The morning came, the sun lit the scene of desolation which your warriors had made, when I took the rifle of my father, and shouldered his tomahawk, determined to avenge my just wrongs. Was that rebellion? If it was, I never knew your language. I ask you, Fathers of the White Nation, if I rebelled against what was right? I think not. I never deserved your vengeance in my life. When did the white man come to Massanietto's hut, and a-hungered, and the savage did not feed him? When did the pale-face come to my wigwam, and if half naked, I clothed him not? When did your warriors, if benighted in the woods, come to Massanietto's for a shelter, and were refused? Never! And our people have acted like their Sachem: they saw me act with peace toward your land; they did the same. From that time when you slaughtered those who were dearest to me, I became your deadly foe, and have been ever since.

You took me prisoner, you tried to corrupt my mind by your accursed rum-fire-water; but twas in vain, I would not taste it. You then tried to win my friendship by kind treatment; but I recollected my private wrongs, and the wrong you had done to my tribe. You gave me liberty to range at large, and having heard that a portion of my nation were advancing upon the settlement where I was confined, I contrived to escape and joined them; this you called desertion. White men! did you think because I bore my captivity in silence, and wore the warrior's dress which your nation wear, that it made any alteration in my heart? No! I cherished up the thought of revenge till the eventful day which made me a second time your prisoner. And now you charge me with murder because I slew your chief. Had he been a common warrior, it would not have been so. Your nation's justice is mockery of justice; your people's deeds of war are acts of massacre and plunder; they fight with no motive of revenge and passion, but merely to satisfy their thirst for blood.

Fathers! I have done. When I am dead, I hope you'll lay me on the earth, like an Indian chief ought to be; and I trust the Great Spirit will receive me into the everlasting hunting-ground. Our nations have been hunted like beasts, our bows are broken, our tomahawks are bent, and our fires extinguished: a little longer, and the white man's persecutions will be at an end — the tribe of Red warriors will cease to exist.

THE FARMER AND THE BARRISTER.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
  Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
  Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
  In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
  Ridiculing and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks;
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire Farmer — one
  Who by his uncouth look and gait,
  Appeared expressly meant by Fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
  In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
  Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
  And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
  "Why — not, sir, as they do with you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
  "Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now, look at me, clown, and attend:
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
  "Yees — very like — I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish — quite laconic,"
The counsel cried, with grin sardonic.
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
  On circuit was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you

Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

HORACE SMITH.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

AFTER my sleighride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. Oh, but I was wicked! Tear out their eyes, says I; blame their skins, and torment their hearts; finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled, or had anything to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke-full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop — it's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath three whole Sundays — forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprang his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Anyhow, they are so high matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door.

"Walk in. Well, John, how der do? — Get out, Pompey!"

"Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire; and how do you do?"

"Why, so as to be crawling — Ye ugly beast, will ye hold your yop? Hail up a chair and sit down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, middlin'; how's yer marm? — Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might have heard him a mile; for he takes it for granted that everybody is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones, going close to his ear, screamed out:

"It's Johnny Beedle."

"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."

"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty year."

"Ho; but where does he come from?"

"Daown taown."

"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones's last screech. He then sank back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, the cat squat down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow-storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself, too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions in spite of the fourth

commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use — the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door — and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and, while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er long side o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come arter?"

"I after? Oh, jest taking a walk."

"Pleasant walkin', I guess."

"I mean, jest to see how you all do."

"Ho! that's another lie. You've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle — you're arter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping-cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum — there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle; and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my

chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by her side.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up."

"Pshaw — git along you," says she.

My hand had crept along somehow upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. Tried it again — no better luck.

"Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous — a little old-maidish, I guess."

"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that 'ere Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty; and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap on the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron. The battle now began in the regular way.

"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and have done with it."

"No I won't; so there; nor tech to."

"I'll take it, whether or no."

"Do it, if you dare."

And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar, and at the same time some of the head-fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and, hurrah! came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey! if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes! She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite

or scratch; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door; and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!

LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

[Written by a gentleman who had a slight impediment in his speech.]

I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub-breed.
Will you co-co-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

I know where the co-co-cockatoos' song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale,
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tail.

You shall pip-pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-pip-pole,
But observe 'tis forbidden to pip-pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip-pip-pip-pip-parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip-play,
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately raccoon,
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray,
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-baboon.

You wished, I re-r-r-remember it well,
And I lul-lul-loved you the m-m-more for the wish,
To witness the bub-bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pel-
Ican swallow the l-l-live little fuf-fuf-fish.

APPLES.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Characters: CLAUD HUNTLEY, *a painter*; LADY ROEDALE; MISS BETTY TYRREL.

SCENE. — CLAUD'S *studio, door* C.; *alcove with curtains,* R.; *easel with canvas on it, at which* CLAUD *is painting,* R. C.; LADY ROEDALE *in easy-chair,* L. C.; *picture hung up at back,* R.; *costumes modern and appropriate.*

Claud. Then why did you offer to sit to me?

Lady Roedale. Why? why? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C. That's better. You always did what you wished. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

Lady R. "Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

C. You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

Lady R. I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! And, besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

C. Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

Lady R. I prefer liberty, of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and — and this is far better, she need not do anything that bores her.

C. Ah, there you are wrong. Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way, they are red —

Lady R. (*Fanning herself violently.*) Thank you. If I am looking frightful, I had better finish this sitting.

C. Your eyes are red: off runs Trippet with the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why? Why! of course because the marchese has left Rome, says Trippet.

Lady R. Does he? Trippet is odious, and so is the marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed, who has been in love with himself for seventy years. You are all insufferable — all you men.

C. I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Oh, don't. If you were not so delightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that barked when I dozed. He was very good for me, but he died.

C. And when I die, I should recommend a parrot.

Lady R. A parrot! A very good idea. A parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you get him for me?

C. I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you know.

Lady R. No; I shouldn't like that. I like you best, after all.

C. That is very kind of you. I believe you do like me, when you remember my existence.

Lady R. You wouldn't have me think of you all day. A man always about is insufferable.

C. Everything is insufferable or odious to-day.

Lady R. Do you think so?

C. I mean that you think so.

Lady R. How can you know what I think? I am sure I don't know what I think. It is so hot. I ought not to have sat to-day; but after all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in Rome.

C. My room is better than my company.

Lady R. I hate jokes in hot weather. They remind me of "laughter holding both his sides," and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of violent things.

C. It's no good. I can't get on. You look so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

Lady R. I am sorry that my appearance is repulsive.

C. I wish it were. But no matter. We were saying — what were we saying? Oh, I remember. You were saying that you could not bear to have a man always about the house.

Lady R. I have been married.

C. How can you bear to talk of that?

Lady R. I don't know. (*She yawns, and stretches out her arms lazily.*) I am free now.

C. Are you so in love with freedom?

Lady R. In love! I don't like the expression. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C. (*Comes down* R.) And you think yourself free. Did not I tell you that you can't move hand or foot without being talked about; that you can't buy a bonnet without being married to some fool; that you can't pass a club-window without setting flippant tongues wagging, nor stay at home without tea-drinking dowagers finding the reason? Didn't I tell you —

Lady R. Yes, you did.

C. I wish I had the right to stop their tongues.

Lady R. You are a very old friend.

C. That's not enough.

Lady R. How hot it is!

C. (*Goes back to canvas and resumes painting.*) Very. Will you be so kind as to turn your head a little more to the left?

Lady R. Oh dear, how cross you are! and you ought to be so happy. You are not like me. You have something to do. You can stand all day and smudge on color.

C. A nice occupation — smudging on color.

Lady R. One can't select one's words in hot weather. I wish I could smudge.

C. You can sit for pictures.

Lady R. A fine occupation: to be perched on a platform, with a stiff neck, and a cross painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at home to-morrow, and send my gown.

C. Your gown will be less cruel. (*He puts down his painting-tools.*) Why do you play with me like this?

Lady R. Play? I was not aware I was doing anything so amusing.

C. It must end some day.

Lady R. Everything ends — even the hot weather.

C. Clara!

Lady R. Now, please don't quarrel. We have always been good friends, you and I.

C. Friends! Yes.

Lady R. Do let well alone.

C. Very well. As you please. — The head a little more up. Thanks. (*He takes up his painting-tools.*) You don't look well.

Lady R. I am sorry that I look ugly.

C. You don't look ugly. How irritating you are!

Lady R. I am sorry that I am so disagreeable.

C. Oh! I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps it will be more like the original.

Lady R. Spoiled! Oh, Claud, I do wish you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler. It's almost vulgar. Besides, I am not spoiled — not in the least. I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast enough to be a success. But to be fast in this heat! Oh dear me! it's tiresome enough to be slow.

C. I am glad that you are no faster — not that it is any business of mine, as you were about to say. — The chin a little more up. Thank you.

Lady R. How kind of you to talk for me! It saves me so much trouble. Go on; say what else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C. I am glad to do what I can for you. I will talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for you, live for you, die for you, and so —

Lady R. Mocker! Heine!

C. "Without the poetry!" As you please. Take it as mockery.

Lady R. All romance is mockery. Romance is as much out of date as good manners.

C. Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Only fashionably uncivil. It's quite the thing. The best men talk of women as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were donkeys.

Lady R. Oh dear me, how quick you are! I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my boy," or, "Sportsman." How popular I should be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to the manner born. I am *bourgeoise*. Good heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C. I thought I was to do your talking for you. As if any woman could be silent for ten minutes!

Lady R. Do you think I wish to talk? I am not equal to the exertion. Time me, then. I won't speak a word for ten — no, for five minutes.

C. Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

Lady R. "How are you to-morrow?" I never could see the humor of that.

C. Just half a minute.

Lady R. Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I shall never be a success.

C. A success! What do you want? To be stared at by every booby at the opera? to have a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when your name is mentioned? to hear your sayings repeated, and lies told about you, and your gowns described, and your movements chronicled?

Lady R. It is my dream.

C. All women are alike — all women, except one, perhaps.

Lady R. "Except one!" Who? who? Oh, Claud, do tell me!

C. That's better. Now you look awake. Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it again.

Lady R. You horrid man, tell me at once. Who is it? Oh, Claud, do tell me, please!

C. It's nothing. I spoke without thinking.

Lady R. Then you meant what you said. I don't care for things which men say after thinking. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that we are!

C. Simple! There was never a simple woman since Eve. The best women manage us for our good — the worst, for our ill. The ends are different, but the means the same.

Lady R. Was the one woman — the exceptional woman — the paragon — was she not simple?

C. On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent on success — success in society. Yes, she was simple.

Lady R. So is bread and butter.

C. And she was clever too. The innocence of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet, wholesome humor — not a compound of sham epigram and rude repartee.

Lady R. (*Rises.*) I know, I know. A man's woman! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisking before her, and an adoring mastiff at her heels; child-like gayety in her step and frolic fun; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose a little reddened by cold water. (*Sits.*) Oh, how I should like to see her!

C. You are not likely to be gratified. She is buried, as you would say, in the country.

Lady R. Do the Tyrrels never leave Limeshire?

C. The Tyrrels! How do you know? Why should you think I was talking of them? Have they a daughter?

Lady R. Have they a daughter! When men try diplomacy, how they overdo it! Have they a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that you should not know that the Tyrrels have a daughter, when you spent a whole summer at the Tyrrels' place, from the very beginning of May to the very end of September, and the girl was at home during the whole of your visit!

C. How do you know that?

Lady R. Do you think that there is one of your numerous lady friends who does not know the history of all your love affairs?

C. Perhaps you will favor me with this history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

Lady R. I will try. But it is hard to remember in this hot

weather. Now, attend. The scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house in Limeshire. There dwell the living representatives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the house; and thither came in early spring a painter bent on sketching — a sort of Lord of Burleigh — a Heinrich Heine — a man not too young, a — who was the man who had seen many cities and things?

C. Odysseus. Ulysses.

Lady R. And who was the girl who played ball? The *ingénue?*

C. That Nausicaa should be called an *ingénue!*

Lady R. Ulysses, who had been in many societies, and seen all sorts of people, was rather tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and cross. So he sketched, because he had nothing better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the same reason; and so, by degrees, he found himself soothed and refreshed by the girl's artlessness, or apparent artlessness.

C. Apparent!

Lady R. She was such a contrast to the weary women of the world. She was so ingenuous, oh, so ingenuous! When he went to sketch, she went with him, as a matter of course; and she showed him her favorite bits; and he made a thousand pretty pictures of cows and pigs and dandelions, and, above all, of the old orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a passion for painting apple-trees in every stage, from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed very countryfied, and the green refreshingly green, and the cows nice and milky, and the pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy and industrious and delightful. And so the jaded man was very much pleased by the novelty.

C. A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your expression is almost animated, and this picture is coming a little better.

Lady R. Then came the reaction.

C. That's not so lively. Don't change, if you can help it.

Lady R. The novelty ceased to be a novelty. Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always thought that the child might do better if she had a season in London. And then my lord Ulysses got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the idyl ended. There, I have told you how the country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the world, and set it in vain.

C. She was utterly incapable of setting her cap at anybody.

Lady R. Who? Miss Lottie — Tottie — Nelly — Milly — What's-her-name?

C. Betty. Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. Then I have succeeded in recalling her to your mind? The Tyrrels *have* a daughter.

C. Go on, if it amuses you.

Lady R. It does amuse me a little. Now it is for you to take up the story. Why did you go away and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausicaa?

C. Because I was afraid of loving her. That is the truth, since you will know it. And now let us drop it. It is as much a thing of the past as the pyramids. I want to talk of the present — of you, Clara, if I may.

Lady R. Things of the past are so seldom past. The pyramids are about still. I must know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C. What is the use of talking about that?

Lady R. It's as bad as suppressing the third volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me, I shall go away.

C. Why should I mind telling you? It's a tale of the dark ages long ago. — Keep your head a little more to the left.

Lady R. But I want to look at you.

C. Deny yourself that pleasure if you can. Thanks.

Lady R. Well? Go on, do.

C. A nice fellow I was to win the love of a young girl.

Lady R. Why? You are not worse than most men.

C. Will you kindly keep your head turned to the left? Thanks. — There was a girl with all the world about her, sweet and bright and young, and a woman's life before her with promise of all good. There was I, a man who had outlived my illusions — who had found the world dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust in my mouth. I had tried most things and failed in most things. My art was of less importance than my dinner. I could still dine, though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah! The apples turned to dust between my teeth. Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a June rose, to a dry stick?

Lady R. They train roses so sometimes.

C. Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's all over, all well over, long ago. Why you insist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't imagine. (*Puts away painting-tools and comes forward.*) Yes, I can. It is to turn the conversation. You know quite well what I wish to say to you, what I have made up my mind to say to you. We have known each other for a long time, Clara; we have always been friends; we have both outlived some illusions; I think we should get on well together.

Clara, consult your own happiness and mine. What do you think?

Lady R. May I look round now?

C. Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

Lady R. And you think that two dry sticks supporting each other is a more engaging spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C. Enough of tropes. I desire a plain answer.

Lady R. Don't people strike sparks by rubbing two sticks together?

C. What are you talking about?

Lady R. How the sparks would fly! I suppose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer. A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit. What a pleasant household! "This is my husband, a gentleman who has outlived his illusions." — "Permit me to present you to my wife, a lady who has everything but a heart." Will you have an apple? We import them ourselves, fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C. I wonder you don't find the weather too hot for comedy.

Lady R. Do you call that comedy? It seems to me dreary enough.

C. The thought of joining your lot to mine?

Lady R. My lot! I never was dignified by such a possession. I go on by chance, and so do you. We have run along very pleasantly side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like that? If we were linked together, which of us would go in front?

C. You've the most provoking passion for metaphor.

Lady R. And you are sure that you have quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C. Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as much over as youth. I shall never see her again.

Lady R. You think not?

C. I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. What should you say if I told you that they were in Rome — let us say at the hotel opposite?

C. I should say that you were romancing. If I believed you, I should leave Rome to-day.

Lady R. Then don't believe me. Couldn't you get me some ice?

C. I am afraid that my man is out.

Lady R. You said that you would fetch and carry for me.

C. Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well, I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

Lady R. Why should you? Don't be long.

C. You mean it? Oh, very well; I'll go. [*Exit, door* C.

Lady R. Au revoir! — She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr. Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple-orchard. Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to take Mr. Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers? The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I dare say that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything! It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering, "Oh, Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? Oh, cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say yes or no? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy — very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust — cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. Oh, Claud! oh, cruel man! oh, sleep! I'll take a nap, just to spite him. (*Falls asleep.*)

Enter, C., MISS BETTY TYRREL, *stepping lightly and quickly.*

Betty. I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome, if you don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I shan't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a curtsy and say, "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and — but probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio, and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say, "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that; and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage? — yes; and the little one in the corner,

too, please." Why, what is it? (*Goes to corner*, R., *back.*) Yes, it is, it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he — He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him — the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! Oh, blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. (*Comes down* R.) Why, here's another picture of the orchard! How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and spear. That other one is not nice, not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple-pictures? No; no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Whose face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face — handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! wicked woman!

Lady R. (*Waking.*) Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B. Oh, I beg your pardon.

Lady R. (*Drowsily.*) Are you real, or a dream?

B. I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream, and melt away.

Lady R. I was just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B. Of me? You don't know me. How do you know — I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

Lady R. Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B. How can you know?

Lady R. I am a witch, for one thing; and for another, I saw your picture.

B. Has he got a picture of *me?*

Lady R. Of course, my dear.

B. And did he show it to *you*?

Lady R. No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B. You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

Lady R. I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do?

B. A friend?

Lady R. A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B. Me? I — I am an old friend too.

Lady R. An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

Lady R. It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, you know — you know that women are not like that.

Lady R. Yes, I know.

B. But I didn't think, I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away; and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

Lady R. It is better to live.

B. But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again, — never, never.

Lady R. Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B. Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and — and that's why.

Lady R. That's why, is it?

B. You don't think that I am very bad?

Lady R. My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B. Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you — not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

Lady R. Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B. Yes. (LADY ROEDALE *draws curtain from alcove*, R., *showing a small picture on an easel.*) My picture! (*Takes it.*)

Lady R. Yours.

B. Oh, let me go! If he should come and find me here! Oh, let me go, let me go!

Lady R. Too late. I hear him on the stairs.

B. What shall I do?

Lady R. Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Go behind the curtain, and be still.

[*Exit* BETTY *behind curtain.*

(LADY ROEDALE *draws the curtain carefully.*)

Enter CLAUD, *bringing ice.*

Claud. I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I —

Lady R. (*Studying the picture.*) Yes, it is pretty.

C. Where did you get that?

Lady R. Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C. As you please. It's of no value — now.

Lady R. It is much better than mine. Indeed, it has only one fault.

C. Indeed?

Lady R. It is awfully flattered.

C. How can you know, when you never saw the original?

Lady R. Ah, that is very true.

C. Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about — to go back to what we were saying, when —

Lady R. Shall I throw it down here?

C. Take care! What are you doing?

Lady R. I thought you said it was of no value?

C. It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

Lady R. Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C. What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

Lady R. No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C. I was afraid of spoiling it.

Lady R. Ah, that was when it was of some value; but now —

C. Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

Lady R. I shall finish it myself.

C. You?

Lady R. Any valueless old thing will do to practise my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C. But, Clara —

Lady R. Come, take my picture off the easel. (CLAUD *removes picture.*) There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely. (*As she begins to arrange the colors on the palette,* CLAUD *gets more and more anxious, and brings canvas from back,* L.)

C. Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

Lady R. Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C. That's a very odd color you are getting.

Lady R. What can it matter to you?

C. Clara, what are you at? Stop! (*He snatches the picture from the easel.*)

Lady R. And the picture is of no value!

C. I beg your pardon, Clara.

Lady R. Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C. Clara, you won't understand.

Lady R. Oh yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C. Flattered! (*He holds the picture in his hands, examining it*) How can you know?

Lady R. It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C. What do you mean? Well, yes, I believe, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Miss Tyrrel.

C. You have never seen her.

Lady R. Indeed I have.

C. Indeed! Where?

Lady R. Here.

C. In Rome?

Lady R. Here.

C. Here! What do you mean?

Lady R. Here, in this room.

C. Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you —

Lady R. She was here.

C. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C. Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

Lady R. It is true.

C. Then I must go.

Lady R. Why?

C. Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

Lady R. It is true.

C. I must go, then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me, kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I stayed and stayed in their house, until I thought that I should never go, until I feared that — Well, it came to this: here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who —

Lady R. Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C. What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win the love of their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take one, even me, for a very fine fellow.

Lady R. You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C. I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

Lady R. But now?

C. Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

Lady R. Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C. Yes.

Lady R. You loved her?

C. I suppose so.

Lady R. I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C. I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

Lady R. And the girl? What of her?

C. By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them. She? Why, she —

Lady R. Stop. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put her picture back, and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C. Very well. I don't want to bore you. (*With picture in his hand draws aside curtain. There is* BETTY TYRREL. LADY ROEDALE, L.)

Betty. (*Comes down* R.) Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C. Miss Tyrrel — Betty — is it you?

B. Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to listen.

C. And it is you indeed.

B. But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen!

C. You!

Lady R. It was my fault.

C. What do you mean?

Lady R. Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you, of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B. Thank you — oh, thank you! Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa and mamma and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

Lady R. Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian, or a May-pole? Oh, you men!

B. Won't you forgive me?

C. Forgive you! Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me, some day, when — May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel?

Lady R. Is the man a fool?

B. You are not angry with me, then?

C. Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B. I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C. Were you sorry? Oh, take care, take care, child! Don't deceive me, or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B. We were all sorry, very sorry.

C. But you, you? You came here: would you stay here — with me? Oh, child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B. Yes. (*Places her hands in his.*)

C. If I had known this! (*Leads her to alcove. They sit.*)

Lady R. (*Hand on easel. Watching them, but facing audience.*) Any one but a man would have known it years ago. (*As she looks at* CLAUD *and* BETTY, *she begins to smile at her own thoughts.*) There were only two in Paradise, in the first apple-orchard, unless you count the Serpent, and that is a *rôle* for which I have neither inclination nor capacity.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead; that good old man; —
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head, upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view —
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

A. G. GREENE.

DAISY'S FAITH.

Down in de b'ight deen meadow,
De pitty daisies' home —
Daisies dat are my namesakes,
Mamma has let me tome.
S'e said dat s'e tould see me
From her yoom-window dere;
Besides, I know Our Farder
Will teep me in his tare.

Oh, see how many daisies,
Daisies so white an' fair —
I'll mate a weaf for mamma,
To wear upon her hair.
An' den s'e'll loot so pitty —
My darlin' own mamma! —
An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy,
An' s'ow it to papa.

One—two—fee—sits—an' 'leven,
Hund'ed an' eight — an' nine;
I b'ieve dat's mos' enough now,
To mate it pitty fine.
I wouldn't be af'aid here,
Mamma and Dod tan see,
I know dey would let nossin'
Tome near dat tould hurt me.

De bweeze is soft an' toolin',
An' tosses up my turls;
I dess it tomes from heaven
To p'ay wis 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly;
To me dey seem to say,
"Don't be af'aid, dear Daisy,
Dod teeps oo all de day."

I'll mate a ball for baby
Soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I'll fow it at her —
Oh my! my fead's all don'!

Well den, I'll tate dis wibbon
  Off my ole st'aw hat:
I sint mamma would let me;
  I'll — oh, dear me! what's dat?

I sought I did hear somesin'
  Move in dat bus' tlose by,
I'm not at all af'aid dough:
  Oh no, indeed, not I!
Mamma — why! s'e's not lootin',
  S'e's f'om de window don';
Den maybe Dod is tired too,
  'Tause I 'taid here so lon'.

I dess I'll yun a 'ittle,
  I b'ieve Dod wants me to,
He tan't tate too muts t'ouble,
  I sint I'd better do,
An' tate my pitty f'owers,
  An' 'tay wis mamma dear,
Dod is way up in heaven,
  I would lite some one near.

My daisies! dey are fallin',
  My han's are s'atin' so,
Oh dear! de weaf is boten!
  Don't tare! I want to do.
I know dere's somesin' live dere.
  See now! dere's two bid eyes
A-lootin' yight stwaight at me.
  Dod's way up in de sties.

Tan He tate tare of Daisy?
  I see a deat, blat head
A-tomin' foo de bus'es:
  But den I'm not af'aid;
On'y — I want — my — mamma —
  I dess dat — is — a — bear.
Bears eat up 'ittle chillens!
  I wis' — dat — Dod — was here!

Ow! ow! I tan't help stweamin':
  Oh dear! I so af'aid!
Tome, mamma! Oh, tome twitly,
  To help oor 'ittle maid.
Dod has fordot oor Daisy;
  Dat bear is tomin' fast.
Why! 'tis our dear ole Yover,
  Tome home f'om town at last!

O Yover! dear ole dordy,
  What made oo fwight — well, no.
I'm not af'aid — for, Yover,
  Dod tares for me, oo know.
He would let nossin' hurt me;
  Dere's mamma lootin' too;
We'll mend dat weaf now, Yover,
  Mamma will lite it so.

JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
  "The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
  Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
  "I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
  That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
  "And pleasures with you pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
  Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
  "I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
  That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

R. SOUTHEY.

PARODY ON "FATHER WILLIAM."

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a dog and many a hound
Obeyed Lewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer, —
"Come, Gelert, thou wert ne'er the last
Lewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now, no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries.

That day Lewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved, —
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Lewellyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Lewellyn passed,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild:
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh, —
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant cry.

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kissed.

No wound had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Lewellyn's heir.

SPENSER.

A NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE OF THE VIRGINS.

THE preacher was a mulatto, about forty years old. He read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew — parable of the virgins — until, as he got near the end of the parable and the foot of the page, and went up to the next page, he found something was wrong. The pages did not hitch. He studied for a minute, and said:

"Brudderin, de ress of de parable am not hyar. But I'll tell you all de ress. Dem foolish virgins got de do' shet in dere face, and it sarved dem right."

Then he took for his text, "Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous inter life eternal."

Here are some of his inspirations:

"Why are so many of dese hyar seats vacant?

"Where is de brudders and sisters who ought to be settin' hyar?

"Oh, some of dem is down on Bay Street sparkin', and some

of dem is in card-houses, and some is in drunken-houses, and some is sittin' at home bekase deyse too tired!

"Oh-er, brudderin, when you true believers gets up to de white frone, den people will come to you and say:

"'Gib us of your oil, for our lamps done gone out;' and you will say-er, 'You can't come dat game on us.' No-er, for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous inter life eternal.'

"Dere's a great many people talks 'ligion bery loud down in Bay Street in de daytime, but where is dey to-night?

"Why-er, deyse foolin' round expectin' when de bridegroom comes-er to borry oil from dem dat's got mo'.

"But what does the Scripter say-er?

"Why, it says, 'Let dem go radder to him dat sells it at de sto';' and while dey is gone, de do' is slammed shet, for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous inter life eternal.'

"Now, brudderin and friends, what would you think of any of you ladies and gentlemen who would go splurgin' down Bay Street with a hat, a watch, a coat, or dress or bonnet on what didn't belong to you, — stickin' up your nose bekase you's so bery fine, and eberybody sayin', as you go 'long, dem wan't your own close — wouldn't you feel cheap?

"But dey's goin' to be fooled, for de tex says-er dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous inter life eternal!

"Oh, yes-er, my beloved brudderin and sisters, you can't go a-sailin' into hebben on borrowed close, as you sails down Bay Street, for it is written, 'Ebery tub mus' stand on its own bottom, and ebery knee shall bow, and ebery tongue shall confess dat fire and brimstone shall be dere po'tion for eber and eber;' and de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous inter life eternal.'"

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I WALK down the valley of silence —
Down the dim voiceless valley — alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me — save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hours when angels have flown!

Long ago, was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago, I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din.
Long ago, was I weary of places
Where I met but the human — and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is tossed on the shore of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought not the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of the blue.
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I mourned not the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine."
Then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses of May:
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech.
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wore holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

FATHER RYAN.

THE FAST MAIL.

LAY by the weekly, Betsey, it's old, like you and I,
And read the morning's daily, with its pages scarcely dry.
While you and I were sleepin', they were printing them to-day,
In the city by the ocean, several hundred miles away.

"How'd I get it?" Bless you, Betsey, you needn't doubt and laugh,
It didn't drop down from the clouds, nor come by telegraph;
I got it by the lightnin' mail we've read about, you know,—
The mail that Jonathan got up, about a month ago.

We farmers livin' round the hill went to the town to-day,
To see the fast mail catch the bags that hung beside the way;
Quick as a flash from thundering clouds, whose tempest swept the sky,
The bags were caught on board the train as it went roarin' by.

We are seein' many changes in our fast declinin' years;
Strange rumors now are soundin' in our hard-of-hearin' ears.
Ere the sleep that knows no wakin' comes to waft us o'er the stream,
Some great power may be takin' all the self-conceit from steam.

Well do we remember, Betsey, when the postman carried mails,
Ridin' horseback through the forest 'long the lonely Indian trails,
How impatiently we waited — we were earnest lovers then —
For our letters comin' slowly, many miles, through wood and glen.

Many times, you know, we missed them, — for the postman never came, —
Then, not knowing what had happened, we did each the other blame;
Long those lover quarrels lasted, but the God who melts the proud
Brought our strayin' hearts together and let sunshine through the cloud.

Then, at last, the tidings reached us that the faithful postman fell
Before the forest savage with his wild, terrific yell.
And your letters lay and mouldered, while the sweet birds sang above,
And I was sayin' bitter things about a woman's love.

Long and tedious were the journeys — few and far between the mails,
In the days when we were courtin' — when we threshed with wooden flails;
Now the white-winged cars are flyin' 'long the shores of inland seas,
And younger lovers read their letters 'mid luxury and ease.

We have witnessed many changes in our threescore years and ten;
We no longer sit and wonder at the discoveries of men;
In the shadows of life's evenin' we rejoice that our boys
Are not called to meet the hardship that embittered half our joys.

Like the old mail through the forest, youthful years go slowly by;
Like the fast mail of the present, manhood's years how swift they fly;
We are sitting in the shadow: soon shall break life's brittle cord —
Soon shall come the welcome summons by the fast mail of the Lord.

JOHN H. YATES.

DE 'SPERIENCE OF DE REB'REND QUACKO STRONG.

SWING dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter,
Ring de big bell, beat de gong,
Saints and martyrs den will meet dar
Brudder, Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Sound dat bugle, Angel Gabrel!
Tell de elders loud an' long,
Cl'ar out dem high seats ob heaben,
Here comes Reb'rend Quacko Strong!

Turn de guard out, Gin'ral Michael,
Arms present de line along,
Let de band play "Conk'rin' Hero"
For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Den bid Moses bring de crown, an'
Palms, an' weddin' gown along!
Wid processions to de landin' —
Here's de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Joseph, march down wid your bred'ren,
Tribes an' banners musterin' strong;
Speech of welcome from ole Abram,
Answer, Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Tune your harp-strings tight, King David,
Sing your good Ole Hundred song,
Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals
Round de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Angels hear me yell Hosanner,
Hear my dulcem speritool song;
Halleluyer! I'm a-comin',
I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Make dat white robe radder spacious,
And the waist-belt 'strodn'ry long,
'Cause 'twill take some room in glory
For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

What! No one at de landin'!
'Pears like suff'n' 'nudder 's wrong;
Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter
Fits — from Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

What a narrer little gateway!
My! dat gate am hard to move.
"Who am dat?" says 'Postle Peter
From the parapet above.

Uncle Peter, don't you know me, —
Me, a shinin' light so long?
Why, de berry niggers call me
Good ole Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Dun'no me! why, I've convarted
Hundreds o' darkies in a song.
Dun'no me! nor yet my massa!
I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong!

Ole Nick 's comin', I can feel it
Gettin' warmer all about.
Oh, my good, kind, Kurnel Peter,
Let me in — I'm all too stout

To go 'long wid Major Satan
Into dat warm climate 'mong
Fire an' brimstone. Hear me knockin',
Ole church-member, Quacko Strong.

Dat loud noise am comin' nearer,
Dreffle smell like powder-smoke;
'Nudder screech! Good Heaben help me—
Lord, forgib dis poor ole moke!

Allers was so berry holy,
Singin' and prayin' extra long;
Now the debble 's gwine to catch me,
Poor ole nigger, Quacko Strong.

Hi! dat gate swings back a little,
Mighty squeezin' to get froo!
Ole Apollyon's howlin' louder,
Everything around am blue.

Bang de gate goes! an' Beelzebub,
Bunch ob wool upon his prong,
Goes along widout de soul ob
Missabul sinner, name ob Strong.

THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bed-room — gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring;
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father — whom I supposed had gone —
To survey the situation, and tell her to lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath, and the shingle holds aloft,
And says: "I had not thought of that, — my son, just take them off."

Holy Moses! and the angels, cast your pitying glances down,
And thou, O family doctor, put a good soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly commingle,
If ever I say another word when my mother wields the shingle.

THE GIRL OF THE CRISIS.

Broken, and crushed, and sad,
Father comes home at night;
Rogues have stript him of all that he had,
And his hair is thin and white;
Bravely he toils all the day,
And thinks that we do not see
His heart in his mouth when he looks the way
Of mother and Winnie and me.

Work with the hand or the head,
With needle or broom or quill;
Daily work for my daily bread, —
Work I must have, and I will.
I have youth, and health, and brains;
They said I was clever at school;
Others are earning their honest gains,
And why should I sit here and pule?

I know that he does not care
For the coat that is no more new,
Or the dingy house, or the scanty fare,
If he could but pay all men their due;
But it pains him to think that we
May not lounge in our easy-chairs,
With music and novel and afternoon-tea,
And gossip of others' affairs.

Oh, if he only just knew
How weary I was of all that!
How I longed for a life that was earnest and true,
And some useful work to be at!
I heed not what people may say;
All the bondage of fashion I scorn.
To bring girls up in that idiot way,—
It were better they never were born.

But what can I do? I could teach;
But scores will be eager to try,
With their music, and German, and French; and each
Far better to do it than I.
I had nice nimble fingers of old
For trimming a bonnet or gown;
But now folks will find better use for their gold
Than to flaunt in gay dress about town.

I know I could tidy a room,
And give it a ladylike look;
And I'm almost sure I could handle a broom,
And iron a little, and cook;
But I must be at home every night
To kiss him and plague him a while,
And comb the old hair that is thin now, and white,
And send him to bed with a smile.

Work! Oh dear, what can I do?
I hurt my soft hand, and it bled;
And I wish it were roughened, and blistered, too,
If it would only win me my bread;
Yet I shrink from the girls at the mill;
I watched them last night in the dark
Coming out, and it smote my weak heart with a chill;
But I could be a telegraph clerk.

Sick! I am weary and sick,
Ever fretting for something to do;
Oh, wouldn't I work my nails to the quick,
Father and mother, for you?
Ye are dearer than ever to me,
So meek, and gentle, and brave;
But your shadows grow long, and I seem to see
Them creeping out close to a grave.

Work with hand or with head,
With broom or needle or quill;
Daily work for my daily bread, —
Any true work that you will!
Oh, just for a week to have toiled,
And to give him my wages and kiss,
Saying, father, dear father, my hands may be soiled,
But my heart is purer for this.

WALTER SMITH.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This — friend, *that* — brother: friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless, — never mind it;
You may have been a stable boy, — what then?
'Tis wealth, my friends, makes *honorable* men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But if you are poor, Heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood in him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain; — the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score — why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.
I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise; — he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I; "whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some said by their silence, "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich; — I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what's better — he had wealth.
What a confusion! — all stand up erect, —
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect;

And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, sir, the honor;" — then a bow
Down to the earth, — is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension."
Then looking round, one friendly face he found,
And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?" — "That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other; "have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

KHEMNITZER.

A COLORED DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE "Colored Debating Society" of Mount Vernon, Ohio, had some very interesting meetings. The object of the argument on a particular evening was the settlement, at once and forever, of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de sword?"

Mr. Larkins said about as follows: "Mr. Chaarman, what's de use ob a sword unless you's gwyne to waar? Who's hyar dat's gwyne to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on de sword side is any ideer ob gwyne to waar. Den, what's de use ob de sword? I don't tink dar's much show for argiment in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I wants to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l — wasn't but one man in de whole crowd gwyne up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience: "Who wrote de Ten Comman'ments, anyhow, you bet?" Cheers from the pen side.] Wrote 'em? wrote 'em? Not much; guess not; not on stone, honey. Might p'r'aps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did

write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no 'count nohow. No, saar. De *sword*'s what fotched 'em into de Promis' Lan', saar. Why, saar, it's ridic'lous. Tink, saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Goliah's head wid a *pen*, saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, saar. De *sword*, saar, de *sword* mus' win de argiment, saar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff state, an' not tone down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de sword. Now, as de modern poet says, our swoards rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, cover de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? *De pen!* Do I take a sword now to get me a peck ob sweet taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, saar. I jess take my pen an' write an order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sword; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clo'es, for instance — a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clo'es is on de way. I'se done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jess spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' tings off an' a-levellin' tings down, dere's notting equals de sword."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on de store unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen — not a bit. Who ebber heard ob Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, saar. But his sword, saar — de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar — is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden been for de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar, whaar'd we niggers be tonight, saar? whaar, saar? In Georgia, saar, or wuss, saar. No cullud man, saar, should ebber go back, saar, on de sword, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to the "committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the following decision:

"De committee decide dat de sword has de most pints an' de best backin', an' dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

SHIFTLESS NEIGHBOR BALL.

GRANDMA wanted to paper the kitchen, and parlor, and hall;
For years she had calculated to do it, each spring and fall,
But, somehow, time had slipped away, and she hadn't fixed up
at all.

One May, having money enough, she started grandpa for town
With his head full of directions about white, scarlet, and brown,
And me, perched on the seat with him, in my new pink gingham
gown.

"Good-by," called grandma, smiling like a girl sending for
a toy,
As Major went off at a spanking pace, and grandpa laughed
like a boy,
To see Kriss Kringle, the shepherd dog, leaping about for joy.

"We shall blow out like a garden," grandpa said, as we drove
along,
"The old house will look gay as a sparrow breaking into song;
It may be it's all vanity, but I can't see as it's wrong. —

"Halloo! Good morning, neighbor Ball. Whoa! Major; can't
you stand still?
Get right in here, I'll carry you as far as the Village Hill —
What's the matter? You look like a man who's going to make
his will.

"What! To raise your interest-money you have got to sell
your cow?
Well, that Evans is an old skinflint, I guess I must allow.
But I've got the cash to meet the claim, here in my wallet, now."

I didn't dare to speak, as grandpa counted the silver out,
Said "God bless you!" to neighbor Ball, and turning Major
about,
Drove straight back to the farm-house door, where grandma set
up a shout:

"Why, father! how does it happen that you are back so soon
from town?

Did a crick catch you in your back? Did old Major stumble down?
Or, did you forget what I told you?" and grandma began to frown.

So the old man told his story, with a sweet, pathetic grace:
"You wouldn't care, I know," he said, "had you seen our neighbor's face;
And it's by lending to the Lord that we win in heaven a place."

"Well, I declare!" said grandma; "if of queer men you don't beat all;
But perhaps it may be so we can fit up some in the fall;
And I do feel proper sorry for poor, shiftless neighbor Ball."

MRS. ANNIE PRESTON.

LANTY LEARY.

LANTY was in love, you see,
With lovely, lively Rosie Carey,
But her father can't agree
To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
"Up to fun, away we'll run,"
Says she, "my father's so conthrairy,
Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
"Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

But her father died one day
(I hear 'twas not from dhrinking wather);
House and land and cash, they say,
He left by will to Rose, his daughther;
House and land and cash to seize,
Away she cut so light and airy:
"Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
"Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose herself was taken bad,
The fayver worse each day was growin'.
"Lanty dear," says she, "'tis sad,
To th' other world I'm surely goin';
You can't survive my loss, I know,
Nor long remain in Tipperary:
Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
"Faith, I won't!" says Lanty Leary.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay;
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born — that I, ha! ha! must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he 's entered at my gate — has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was waging hot;
I'll try his might — I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin —
Bid each retainer arm with speed — call every vassal in, —
Up with my banner on the wall — the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then — the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While, from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, in the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board.
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine,
There's life and strength in every drop — thanksgiving to the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

"You're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly: — Louder yet! — What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl — steel clang to steel — and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? — Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him: — let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing halfway up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat, *dead*.

A. G. GREEN.

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"THE serpent, is it?" said Picket, in reply. "Sure, everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he *druve the sarpints*, and all manner of venomous things, out of Ireland — how he bothered all the *varmint* entirely; but for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country and made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine boults upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the Saint in the least, — and small blame to him for that, — began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about

a gentleman, like myself, coming to see you? — 'tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was *sould*, and was for making off with himself as fast as he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"'I thank you, kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint, 'but I think it's too small it is for me;' meaning it for an excuse; and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says St. Patrick; 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow — I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as he could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, he got into the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does St. Patrick do but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he flaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults.

"'Oh, murder! Won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint — 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick; 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.'

"And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that

makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet? — is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."

THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue, —
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams; —
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,

On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She looked at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake,
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

O. W. HOLMES.

A BRICK.

ONE morning in November, some years ago, the servant informed me that a man was waiting at the front door to see me. On going to the door, a man of tall stature and robust appearance, calling me by name, requested assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them.

"You appear to be strong and healthy; why don't you work?" asked I.

"Simply, sir, for the reason that I cannot procure work."

Not having any work to give him, I thought I would test the sincerity of his intentions.

"If I give you work, what pay do you want?"

"Anything, sir, you choose to give me, so long as I can obtain means for my suffering family."

"Very well," said I; "I will give you twenty-five cents an

hour if you will carry a brick on your arm around the block for six hours without stopping."

"Thank you, sir; I will do it."

After hunting a while, I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went down town to my business.

On my way home, as I approached the corner of the street where I reside, I found a great crowd of persons gathered, two fire-engines, a hose-cart, and a hook-and-ladder truck. Upon inquiring where the fire was, I was informed that it was a false alarm, and that what brought the people together and occasioned the agitation, was the spectacle of a tall man carrying a brick on his arm around the block for nearly six hours. The neighbors were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along. Some thought he was crazy; but when spoken to, his answer was: "Don't stop me; it's all right." As he interfered with no one, he was allowed to walk on undisturbed.

"Where is the man now?" I asked.

"There, you can see him at the other end of the block, walking with his head down," was the answer.

He was just about turning the corner, and I waited till he performed the circuit, then, taking him quietly by the arm, I marched him to my house, followed by a lot of boys. In the mean time, the firemen, engines, and hose-cart rattled off. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servant went for something to eat. I paid him forthwith a dollar and a half. He informed me that while making one of his turns, a lady came out of a house and inquired why he was carrying that brick; and on his giving her the reason, he received a dollar.

The object soon became known, for as he passed the houses, small sums were given to him by different persons; and he was well satisfied with his day's work.

"But," said he, "what shall I do to-morrow?"

"Why," I replied, "go early in the morning to the houses from which you received the money, ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it; then report to me."

The following afternoon he informed me that he had been sent to a German who kept a pork establishment on Third Avenue, and who wanted a clerk to keep his books. He was to get five dollars a week if his work proved satisfactory; and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving me, he

asked for the brick that had brought him such good luck, and I gave it to him. Within the year I ascertained that the man had been transferred to a larger establishment of the same kind, with a salary of one thousand dollars.

Three or four years after this I was riding in a street car, when a well-dressed man accosted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said:

"Don't you recollect the man who carried the brick?"

He then informed me that he was doing a prosperous business on his own account, had laid up money, and expected soon to build himself a house up-town.

"What became of the brick?" I inquired.

"That brick, sir, has always occupied a place on our mantel-piece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune."

AN EVANGEL.

[From the French of François Coppee.]

THE Lord alone with Peter walked one day
Where bright Genesareth in sunshine lay;
At that hour when the sun has fiercest glare,
They reached a cottage as they wandered, where
Before a doorway, ruinous and low,
A fisher's widow sat, in garb of woe,
Full of sad thoughts. Yet she forbore to weep,
That she might spin her task, and rock her babe to sleep.

Not far away the Lord and Peter stood,
Half hidden by a fig-tree in a wood.

As they looked on unseen, along the road
Came an old beggar staggering with a load,
An earthen jar poised on his trembling head;
He paused before the widow, and he said:
"Woman, this milk has to be carried still
A half-mile further over yonder hill;
But as you see, exhausted by the heat,
I cannot get it to the village street;
And if I find no help, I lose to-day
The penny I was promised as my pay."

The widow rose. She neither spoke nor smiled,
But dropped her distaff, ceased to lull her child,
Raised the tall pitcher slowly on her head,
Waved the man on, and followed in his tread.

Then eager Peter spoke: "Master," he said,
"'Tis right to succor those who need our aid;
But is this woman doing right to fly
From house and child to help a passer-by?
Doubtless the man need not have travelled far
To find some idler who would bear his jar."

Then the Lord looked on Peter: "Be thou sure,
Whene'er a poor man helps a man more poor,
My Father's care o'er his own home is thrown;
She hath done well in that which she has done."

As thus the Lord His servant's zeal restrained,
He took the mother's place, and even deigned
The distaff with His hands divine to ply,
And rocked the restless babe, and sang its lullaby.

Then rising when it slept, He waved His hand,
And Peter followed at His mute command.

When the poor woman reached her cabin bare —
A home made rich by God's protecting care —
She found — but never knew by whom 'twas done —
That her babe slept, and that her flax was spun.

A THIRSTY BOY.

I SAW the boy who wanted a drink — a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was incrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water-cooler and got a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was seized with a sudden uncontrollable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking, and somebody else came

after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just set down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the Desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passenger as he drank. When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler, he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until the thirsty traveller forgot what he went down there after. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for, and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was enough to send him back to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of dry prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was rather a small boy too. His interior circumference, I think, must have inclosed an area double in extent to that inclosed by the exterior belt. Near Waseca we ran nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank. I grew very nervous now, for I was fearful that during such an unheard-of abstinence from water his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said, carelessly:

"By George! but I am thirsty. I wonder if there is any water in this car?"

You want to understand me now as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that the boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark; she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash, with, "I wish you would mind your own business, and leave my boy alone!"

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car — a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed "yours, truly" very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she had finished that brief sentence her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial freshet inside of himself.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

MASKED BATTERIES.

If you'll keep it secret — honor bright —
I'll tell you a little story, Joe;
Something that happened to me last night,
Here at the masquerade ball, you know.

You may have noticed I've spooned of late
On Laura Clyde — nothing else to do —
She's rather pretty, at any rate,
Fond of flirting, and I am too.

Laura's a friend of my sister Fan;
Her room joins mine, and the walls are thin;
So I, by accident, heard them plan
Their dresses for masquerading in.

The ball was lovely, the costumes fine,
And either dancing or iced champagne —
Can't say which, but expect the wine —
Just a little confused my brain.

So meeting Laura — a gypsy maid —
Knew her at once by her dress, you see, —
I took her out for a promenade
On the piazza all alone with me.

"Flirted?" Said I was deep in love,
Madly worshipped the ground she trod,
Vowed it by all below, above.
Did she return it? — a word, a nod?

The fair head dropped in assent; and I
Snatched off the mask — with rapture kissed her;
A peal of laughter was my reply,
By Jove! old boy, it was my sister!

Laugh at me, Joe; don't spare my pride,
Nor mind my feelings — I feel so glad
It was my sister, not Laura Clyde;
Heavens! What an escape I had!

"VANITY VERSES."

THE STORY OF THE TILES.

BEFORE a quaint old fireplace,
Full fifty years ago,
Dear grandma and I, a child,
With locks of gold and snow,
Looked, our two heads together, —
She sitting in her chair,
And I erect beside her, —
A comfortable pair;
For while within the firelight our eyes were lit with smiles,
She told her little grandson the story of the tiles.

Here was a knight in armor,
A brave old lord was he!
He won full toilsome battles
In many a far countree;
And here, his lute with ribbons
Trimmed bravely, fond and true,
Beneath his lady's casement,
Sang a troubadour in blue.
Now with pure fact or fancy dear grandma time beguiles,
Now fairy lore she weaveth in her story of the tiles.

The stork with leg uplifted;
The windmill on the plain;
The sun with rays of azure;
The sheaf of ripened grain, —
Were each a theme for story,
For song or comic verse,
And merrily and often
Did grandma these rehearse.
For quips and quirks were grandma's, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
When once she got a-telling her stories of the tiles.

The fireplace stands unshaken;
The milkmaid trips so gay
To meet the fat old beadle,
Who always looks her way;

The frog who went a-wooing
Still peeps out at the crane,
But grandma with her stories
Will never come again.
From that old English fireplace I've wandered many miles,
But still my heart remembers the stories of the tiles.

Like that old knight in armor
Brave must I be, she said,
And courteous as the singer
To every wife and maid;
Industrious and cheerful
As the milkmaid on the lea,
And prayerful and religious
As the beadle ought to be.
Alas! such spotless record how many a fault defiles!
I've proved a sorry hero for her stories of the tiles.

But still when night is falling,
And children's voices call
Across the pleasant play-room,
And down the echoing hall,
I find myself, while waiting
To catch them in my arms,
Thinking the stories over
With all their varied charms;
And then, when grouped around me, their lips are wreathed with smiles,
I tell their great-grandmother's sweet stories of the tiles.

GOLDEN AGE.

THE CITY MAN AND SETTING HEN.

A CITY man was asked by the lady of the house if he would take a hen off the nest, as it wanted to set, and she didn't want it to.

"Certainly," said he; and he immediately started out to the barn, where the hens are kept, to crush out the maternal prospects of this particular one.

He went straight for the nest to lift her off, and reached out

his hand for that purpose, but immediately drew it back again and tucked it up under one arm, and squeezed it a little, while he drew up his lips as if to whistle something. Then he stood there and stared at the hen, and she lifted up her head and stared back at him, winking her eyes with singular vehemence.

"Get off, won't you?" said he, after a pause.

She made no response. He drew out his hand and looked at a red spot on one of his knuckles, and then put the knuckle in his mouth to cool it, looking all the while at the hen, and wondering how on earth she moved so quickly. The longer he eyed her, the less he felt inclined to touch her, and finally he climbed up a post to a beam which ran over the nest, and worked his way on till he got just above the hen, took off his hat and shook it at her, and advised her to "get." But she only looked at him one eye at a time, and clucked ominously. He told her if she did not leave, he'd come down there and kick her through the barn, but immediately gave up the bloodthirsty design when he reflected that it was a dumb animal and couldn't reason with a human being.

Then he happened to think of his pants, which were white linen, and rubbed his fingers on the beam to find them full of black dust, which led him to work his body around to look at his pants, and, while making this natural move, he suddenly slipped, made a plunge to renew his hold, slipped again, shrieked for help, and then came down on top of the hen and the nest, smashing them both to the floor, upsetting a barrel, and filling the air with dust, feathers, hen-noises, and shrieks.

When the family reached the barn, the unfortunate man, looking like a circus poster on legs, had got on his feet, and was turning round and rubbing his head in an abstracted manner, and every time he turned, an omelet on a white linen base came to view, while the hen stood up in the farthest corner of the barn, on one leg, with a look of reproach mingled with astonishment on her countenance.

MISS EDITH'S MODEST REQUEST.

My papa knows you, and he says you're a man who makes
reading for books;
But I never read nothing you wrote, nor did papa — I know by
his looks;
So I guess you're like me when I talk, and I talk and I talk all
the day,
And they only say, "Do stop that child!" or, "Nurse, take
Miss Edith away!"

But papa said if I was good, I could ask you — alone by my-
self —
If *you* wouldn't write me a book like that little one up on the
shelf.
I don't mean the pictures, of course, for to make *them* you've
got to be smart;
But the reading that runs all around them, you know — just the
easiest part.

You needn't mind what it's about, for no one will see it but
me
And Jane — that's my nurse — and John — he's the coachman —
just only us three.
You're to write of a bad little girl, that was wicked and bold,
and all that;
And then you are to write, if you please, something good —
very good — of a cat!

This cat she was virtuous and meek, and kind to her parents,
and mild,
And careful and neat in her ways, though her mistress was such
a bad child;
And hours she would sit and would gaze when her mistress —
that's me — was so bad,
And blink, just as if she would say, "O Edith! you make my
heart sad."

And yet, you would scarcely believe it, that beautiful, angelic
cat
Was blamed by the servants for stealing whatever, they said,
she'd get at.

And when John drank my milk — don't you tell me! I know
just the way it was done —
They said 'twas the cat — and she sitting and washing her face
in the sun!

And then there was Dick, my canary. When I left the cage
open, one day,
They all made believe that she ate it, though I know that the
bird flew away.
And why? Just because she was playing with a feather she
found on the floor.
As if cats couldn't play with a feather without people thinking
'twas more.

Why, once we were romping together, when I knocked down a
vase from the shelf;
That cat was as grieved and distressed as if she had done it
herself;
And she walked away sadly and hid herself, and never came out
until tea —
So they say, for they sent *me* to bed, and she never came even
to me.

No matter whatever happened, it was laid at the door of that
cat.
Why, once, when I tore my apron — she was wrapped in it, and
I called "Rat!" —
Why, they blamed that on *her*. I shall never — no, not to my
dying day —
Forget the pained look that she gave me when they slapped *me*
and took me away.

Of course, you know just what comes next when a child is as
lovely as that.
She wasted quite slowly away — it was goodness was killing
that cat.
I know it was nothing she ate, for her taste was exceedingly
nice;
But they said she stole Bobby's ice-cream, and caught a bad cold
from the ice.

And you'll promise to make me a book like that little one up on the shelf.
And you'll call her "Naomi," because it's a name that she just gave herself;
For she'd scratch at my door in the morning, and whenever I'd call out "Who's there?"—
She would answer, "Naomi! Naomi!" like a Christian, I vow and declare.

And you'll put me and her in a book. And, mind, you're to say I was bad;
And I might have been badder than that but for the example I had.
And you'll say that she was a Maltese — And what's that you asked? "Is she dead?"
Why, please, sir, *there ain't any cat!* You're to make one up out of your head!

BRET HARTE.

THE MAN WITH A BEAR.

AMONG the baggage coming down on a Flint and Pere Marquette train recently, was a full-grown black bear. Bruin had been in captivity for two or three years, and was on his way East for a zoölogical garden. His owner was allowed to ride with him in the baggage-car, and he seemed to think his bear was the greatest animal on earth. He was ready to bet that Bruin could out-hug and out-bite anything human, and was rather disappointed when the railroad men refused to dispute this point with him. He was indulging in his brag, when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. He saw the bear, of course, but the glance of contempt he bestowed on the animal instantly kindled the indignation of the owner, who called out:

"Mebbe you think I'm toting an old hyena round the country!"

"I guess it's a bear," slowly replied the other; "but I see nothing remarkable about him."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do! Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't sliver when he gets his paws round it has got to have roots forty feet under ground."

"I've got a son back in the car — " reflectively observed the old man; and then he stopped and looked at the bear.

"Your son? Egad! Will you match your son agin my bear?" chuckled the owner, as he danced with delight.

"I guess so."

"You do! Bring him in! Trot him out! I'll give him all the show he wants, and bet five to one on the bear!"

The old man slowly took in a chew of tobacco and left the car; and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age, and a little taller than a hitching-post. He was built on the ground, with a back like a writing-desk, and arms which seemed to have been sawed from railroad ties.

"Martin, this 'ere man wants to bet five to one that his bear can out-hug you," quietly explained the father as the son sat down on a trunk.

"Yes, that's it — that's just it!" chuckled the owner. "I'll muzzle him so he can't bite, and I'll bet five to one he'll make you holler in two minutes!"

"Muzzle your b'ar!" was all that Martin said, as he pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to the baggage-man. The bear-man put twenty-five dollars with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry-tree, and in a minute he had the bear ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar, and carelessly inquired:

"Is this to be a squar' hug, with no gouging?"

"Jess so — jess!" replied the bear-man. "You hug the bear, and he will hug you, and the one who squeals first loses his cash. Now then, all ready!"

As Martin approached, the bear rose up with a sinful glare in his eye, and the two embraced. It was a sort of back-hold, with no sell-out on the crowd.

"Go for him, Hunyado!" yelled the bear-man, as they closed, and the bear responded. One could see by the set of his eyes that he meant to make jelly of that young man in a York minute; but he failed to do it. Some little trifles stood in his way. For instance, it wasn't ten seconds before he realized that two could play at hugging. Martin's hand sank down in the bear's coat, the shoulder muscles were called on for duty, and at the first hug the bear rolled his eyes in astonishment.

"Go in, Hunyado — go in — go in!" screamed the bear-man, and Bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water-tank down.

"You might squeeze a little bit harder, my son," carelessly suggested the father, as he spit from the open door; and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a stand-up, stand-still hugging-match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge, and his mouth to open, and Martin's face slowly grew to the color of red paint.

"Hang to him, Hunyado — I've got my last dollar on your head!" shrieked the bear-man, as he saw a further bulge to his pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell, and cough, and strangle. He was a "goner." Martin knew it; but he wanted no dispute, and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a hug which rolled his eyes around like a pin-wheel, and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

"Well, may I be shot!" gasped the bear-man, as he stood over the half lifeless heap of hair and claws.

"Martin," said the father, as he handed him the thirty dollars, "you'd better go back thar and watch our satchels!"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the son, as he shoved the bills in his vest-pocket; and he retired without another word, or a look at the bear.

That was the bear they were feeding gruel to in a saloon the same evening. One man was giving him gruel, and another was feeling along the spine to find the fracture.

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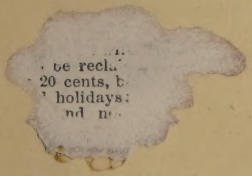

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